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# THE SPHERE


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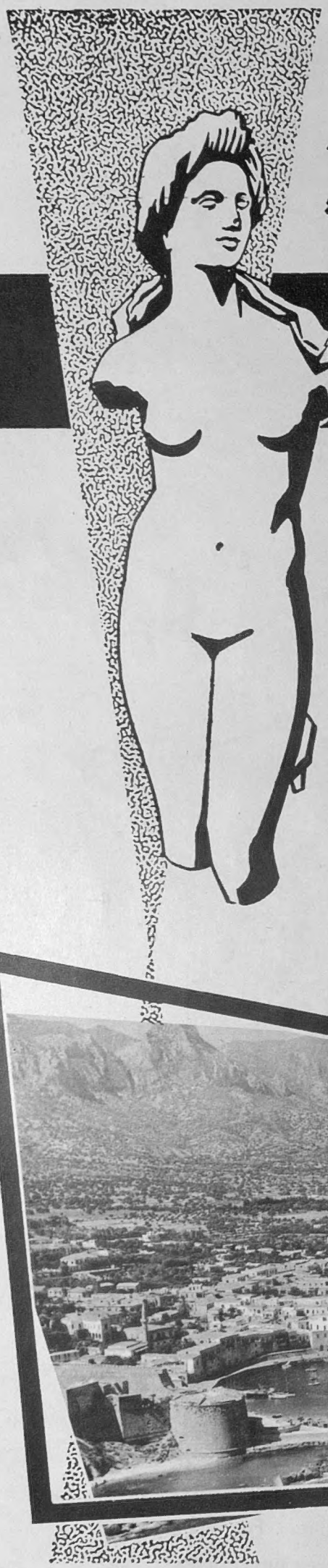

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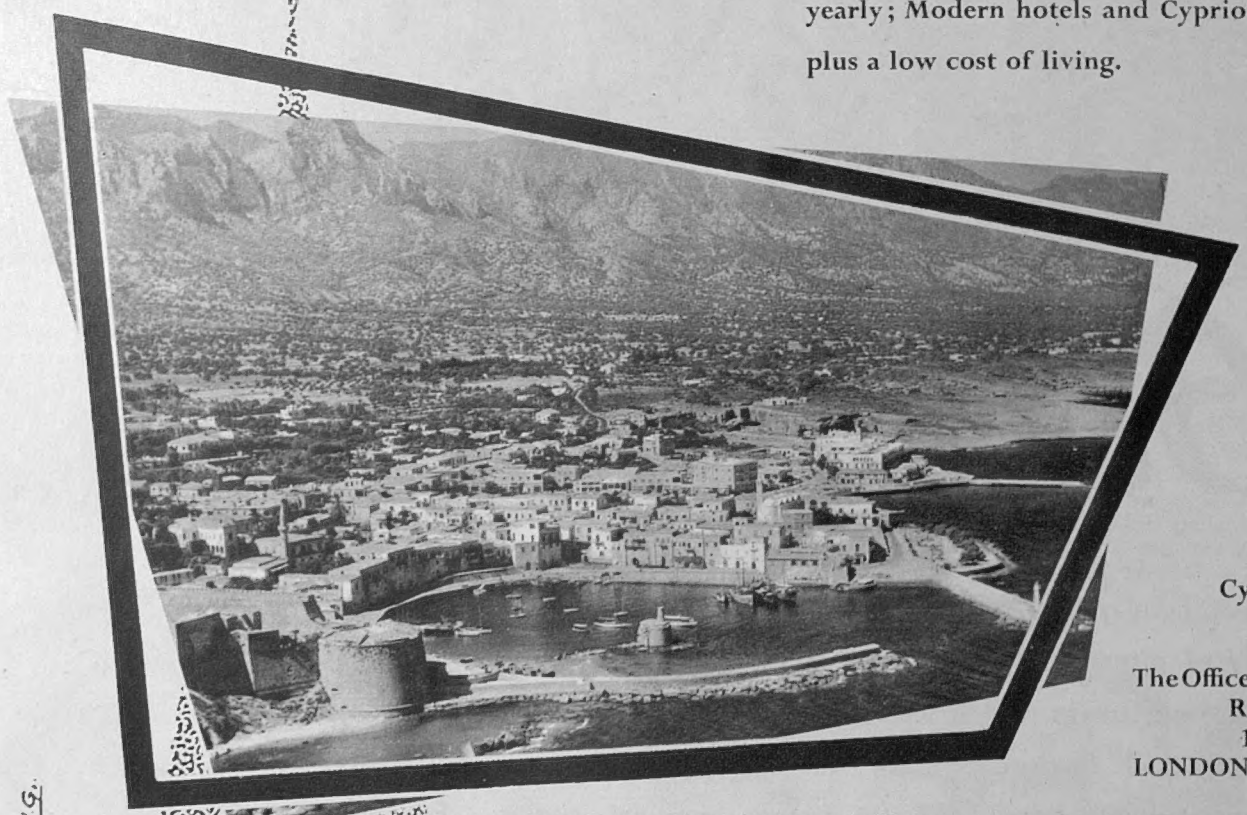

*Aerial view of Kyrenia*

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H.G.

Volume CCXLVII No. 3212

# THE SPHERE

LONDON, December 23, 1961

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

## 25 ON DECEMBER 25

Princess Alexandra leaves her aircraft at London Airport on her return from her highly-successful tour of the Far East. Her brother, Prince Michael of Kent, flew with her from Tripoli, where he had been on manœuvres with Sandhurst cadets. They were met at the airport by Princess Marina and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Later last week, Princess Alexandra, with her mother and Prince William of Gloucester, flew to Athens to attend the celebrations of the sixtieth birthday of King Paul of the Hellenes and of the engagement of King Paul's eldest daughter, Princess Sophia, and Don Juan Carlos, son of the claimant to the throne of Spain. From Greece, Princess Alexandra, who will be 25 on Christmas Day, and other members of the Royal Family were to return to London to spend Christmas at Sandringham. (See also page 470)

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The fourteenth-century Merchants House, believed to be one of the oldest private dwelling houses in Northern Europe, is pulled slowly on a winch cable up a hill in Exeter. It was transported bodily for a hundred yards because the City Council wanted it moved to make way for a new inner by-pass. At first demolition was proposed, but as it was on the list of buildings of architectural and historic importance, it was decided to move it. The Government made a grant towards the £7,000 cost of the operation. To make the move possible the structure was reinforced with ten tons of timber and iron wheels were attached to the four corners

MOVING A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE IN A STREET IN EXETER

The Queen Mother shakes hands with officials of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists in London. Making the presentations is the President of the College, Mr. A. C. H. Bell (extreme left). The Queen Mother last week visited the College, of which she has been Patron for 15 years

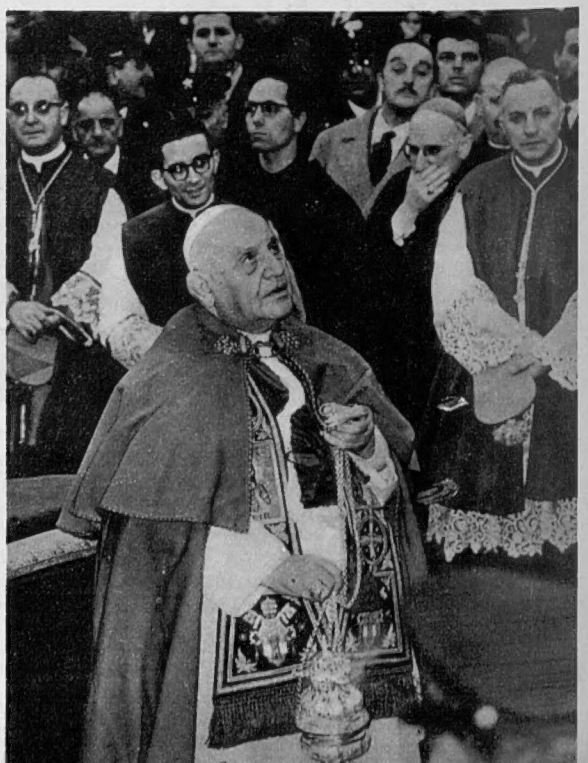
**Far right:** The Princess Royal cuts one of the Christmas cakes at the " Not Forgotten " Association's Annual Christmas Party. This was held last week at the Royal Riding School, Buckingham Palace, and was attended by ex-servicemen from hospitals and homes in many parts of the United Kingdom. The guests were entertained by a cabaret in which many well-known variety performers took part

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS UNDERTAKEN IN LONDON BY THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL

The Archbishop of Canterbury and his wife arrive at London Airport from Delhi. The Primate of All England had been attending the conference of the World Council of Churches in India's capital. On Christmas Day he will be preaching at Matins in Canterbury Cathedral

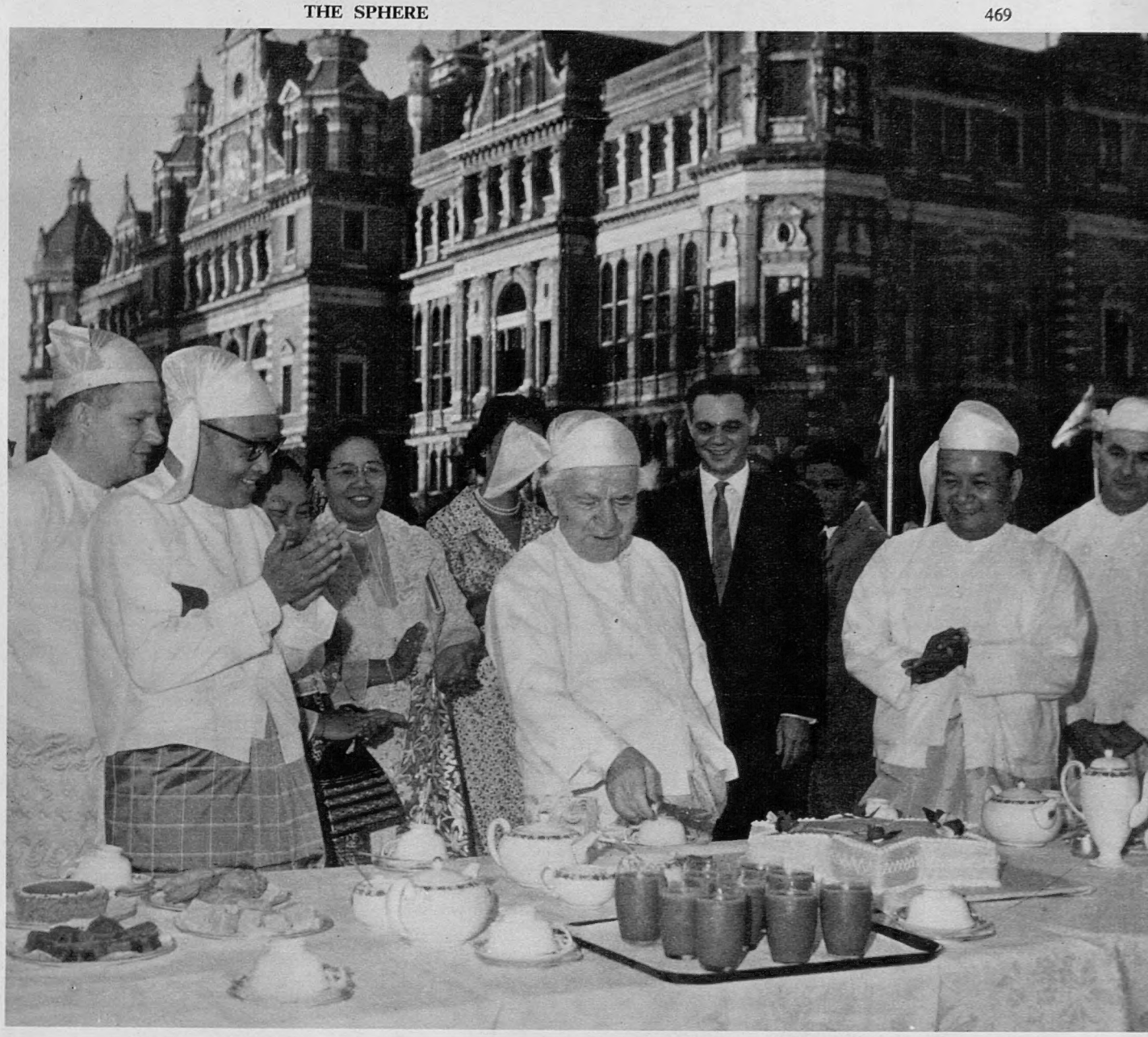
DR. RAMSEY RETURNS TO BRITAIN

**Far right:** Pope John XXIII holds the thurible during the annual service on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception at the foot of the column dedicated to the Virgin Mary in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome. It is customary for the figure of the Virgin at the top of the column to be decorated with flowers



THE POPE ON A FEAST DAY IN ROME

# THE NEWS IN PICTURES



AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ISRAEL'S PRIME MINISTER

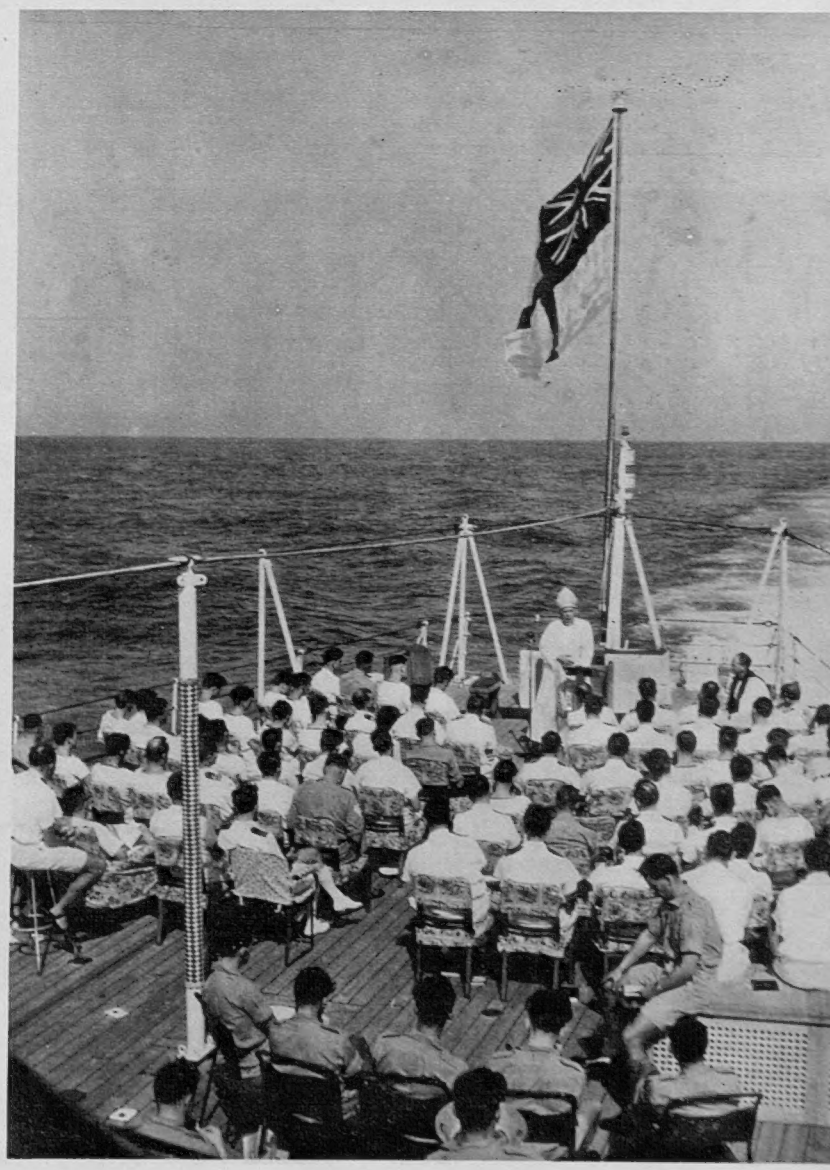
Mr. David Ben-Gurion (centre) wears traditional Burmese clothes at a garden party given in his honour at the Presidential residence in Rangoon. On the left is U Nu (in spectacles), the Prime Minister of Burma, and second from right is U Win Maung, the Burmese President. The Prime Minister of Israel was about to cut a cake shaped in the Star of David. The garden party took place during his official visit to Burma in return for the visit paid to Israel by U Nu six years ago. While he was in Rangoon, Mr. Ben-Gurion spent some time studying Buddhism with U Nu

DR. JAGAN TALKS TO THE PRESS

**Below right:** Dr. Cheddi Jagan, the Prime Minister of British Guiana, at a Press conference in London. He arrived in Britain on Wednesday of last week for talks with Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary. After these talks Dr. Jagan expressed dissatisfaction with the arrangements for the progress of British Guiana towards independence. He said that the Colonial Secretary had not committed himself either to a date for independence or to a date for a conference to discuss independence. There was no reason why independence should not be achieved next year, he added. Dr. Jagan came to Britain from Dar-es-Salaam, where he had been attending the independence celebrations in Tanganyika

BRITISH SOLDIERS FREED BY KASSEM

From left are Staff-Sergeant G. W. Lindsay of Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, Lance-Corporal D. R. Tooke of Deepcar, Sheffield, and Sapper M. Harcombe of Rhondda pictured on arrival in London. These British soldiers were released last week by Premier Kassem of Iraq, having been held captive since July. Members of the British force called to Kuwait in response to the request of the ruler were arrested after straying into Iraqi territory. They were released, with two British civilians, to be home for Christmas with their families as a "lesson in humanity for the treacherous aggressors"



A CONFIRMATION SERVICE AT SEA

**Far right:** The Right Reverend Harold Beardmore, the Bishop of St. Helena, conducts a confirmation service aboard the cruiser H.M.S. *Lion*. The ship was on her way to Freetown. An altar and an episcopal throne were erected on the quarter-deck and the Royal Marine band accompanied the hymns. Several members of the ship's company were confirmed

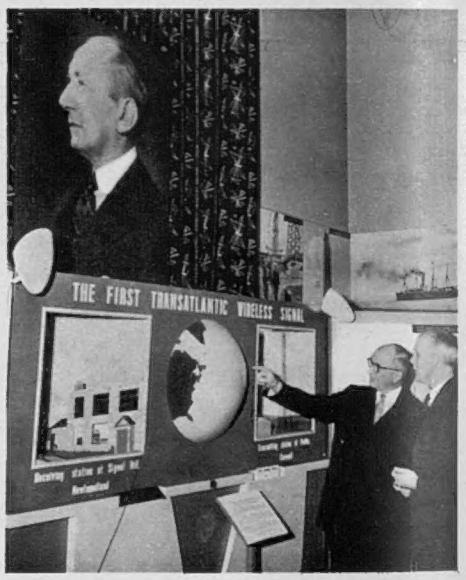
ATHENS CELEBRATES THE BIRTHDAY OF KING PAUL OF GREECE

Distinguished guests, attending the sixtieth birthday celebrations of King Paul of Greece, are driven in procession past crowds lining the streets of Athens. The occasion saw one of the largest Royal family gatherings in Athens for many years. Besides the Greek Royal family, thirty-four European Princes and Princesses, most of them related to King Paul, attended the celebrations. Among those present were the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Andrew (his mother), Princess Marina, Princess Alexandra and Prince William of Gloucester. Greece was at the same time celebrating the engagement of King Paul's elder daughter, Princess Sophia, who is 23, to Don Juan Carlos of Spain

**Below right:** From left on the dais are Judges Halevy, Landau and Raveh, after entering the courtroom in Jerusalem to pronounce judgment on Adolf Eichmann (in the bullet-proof dock). Below the dock is Dr. Servatius, the defending counsel. Eichmann was found guilty on Monday of last week for "crimes against the Jewish people, crimes against humanity, a war crime and membership in hostile organisations." After a four-day interval, Eichmann was sentenced to be hanged

JUDGMENT IS DELIVERED ON ADOLF EICHMANN

**Far right:** Dr. D. H. Follett, Director of London's Science Museum, shows to a keeper a display board illustrating the wireless route of Marconi's first transatlantic message. An exhibition to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of this message, which was transmitted on December 12, 1901 in morse code from Poldhu in Cornwall to Signal Hill in Newfoundland, is open to the general public at the Museum until January 27




MARCONI DIAMOND JUBILEE EXHIBITION

Relatives of the ship's company of *St. Bride's Bay* wave as the frigate enters Portsmouth harbour on her return to Britain after serving abroad for sixteen years. She is to be scrapped. *St. Bride's Bay* left for the Middle and Far East immediately after being completed in 1945 and spent, in all, 4,979 days on foreign service, which included four years in the Korean war zone

HOME FOR THE FIRST AND LAST TIME

**Far right:** A wages van (centre), ambushed outside a derelict public house in Stepney, is jammed against one of the two vans used to ram it. The private car (left) lost its mudguard during the attempt. Carrying £100,000 in wages for the North Thames Gas Board, the van was sandwiched between two lorries. Eight bandits, armed with coshes and hammers, ripped the back doors off the van, but were driven off by a police constable and five security guards. In the struggle one of the guards shot a bandit in the arm. The raiders got away in a van and a car

ATTEMPTED AMBUSH OF A PAY VAN IN LONDON

# THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Young members of Jeunesse, a Katangan political party, tear along a street in Elisabethville, to attack the United States Consulate there. Two hundred youths, some armed with knives or sticks, threw bottles and stones to smash windows and break into the building and start looting. Gendarmerie were called to expel them. The U.S. Consul stated he was making a protest. The remaining photographs on this page show other aspects of Congo last week. In Katanga, where the fighting continued, a group of United Nations Scandinavian troops who had been taken prisoner said they were being well treated. Trains from Elisabethville were taking European refugees to neighbouring Rhodesia. Meanwhile in Leopoldville, the Central Congolese Government's capital, an important arrival was Dr. Ralph Bunche. He is a close associate of U Thant and had been sent by the U.N. Secretary-General to work with Mr. Robert Gardiner, a Ghanaian in the U.N. service, for a reconciliation between the Congolese factions. He is seen in the photograph with General McKeown, the U.N. Commander, and General Mobutu, Congolese C.-in-C. Second from left, wearing a bow tie, is Mr. Ileo, the former Congolese Prime Minister. In London the news of Dr. Bunche's mission was given to the House of Commons by Mr. Macmillan during the debate on Congo. He thought this was a friendly response from U Thant to Britain's proposals for a cease-fire. On the same day in Washington President Kennedy received a request from President Tshombe of Katanga to mediate in the Congo. In spite of these moves the battles in and around Elisabethville were reported to be growing fiercer

RUNNING TO STORM THE U.S. EMBASSY IN ELISABETHVILLE

U.N. TROOPS TAKEN PRISONER

REFUGEES LEAVE ELISABETHVILLE

DR. BUNCHE, GENERAL McKEOWN AND GENERAL MOBUTU

KATANGAN SOLDIERS OFF TO BATTLE

On a winter evening in Copenhagen, coloured lights illuminate a giant Christmas tree outside the City Hall in the suburb of Lyngby

# LIGHTS OF

The famous Christmas market in Nuremberg, West Germany, is lit up at night

Brilliant Christmas lights and illuminated signs make a dazzling

An American army jeep passes into Berlin at a checkpoint marked by a Christmas tree

Passers-by stroll under the bright lights of Amsterdam's Kalverstraat

# CHRISTMAS

tacle in the Boulevard Adolphe Max in Brussels

From a New York skyscraper is seen the 85-ft.-high Christmas tree in Rockefeller Plaza

JOHN CONNELL

# SOMBRE DECISIONS, WINTRY REFLECTIONS

It is, for the historian or the biographer, a primary but persistent—and slightly melancholy—experience to discover that memory distorts. This does not mean that, in the writing of contemporary history or indeed in commenting on the daily and hourly making of history, you must entirely disregard the autobiographical reminiscences which are so easy, so attractive and so copious a source; but it does mean that you must check one set of recollections against another. You must treat both with a courteous but absolute scepticism, and you must realise that what in the end will survive as history (if anything survives at all) is the immediate and authentic document—the minutes of a conference, the ambassador's urgent telegram, the general's battle plan, the unguarded phrase at a Press conference at the height of a crisis. The individual recollection, recorded some time after an event, softens or blurs, suppresses or magnifies. To read the immediately contemporary document is to be projected back in time, into experience as it is lived, in all its rawness, its imperfections and its subtleties.

For this issue of *The Sphere*, published two days before Christmas, and destined to fight for its place in a list of priorities which includes not only all those general knowledge papers, but several best-sellers, a jolly bracing walk, and the delicious snooze which must follow roast turkey, mince pies and a bottle of Leoville Poyferré 1955, I had intended to assemble and collate my own memories of my involvements in world affairs in the past twelve months.

I think they make a unity; to others they are probably at best a scrap-book, and at worst a disconnected mixture of the experiences of one individual, on too many different levels of intensity and significance. Anyway, what have fleeting, sensuous impressions to do with the hard, factual logic of any aspect of the international situation, whether it be Africa, the Middle East, the Common Market or India's relations with the Chinese People's Republic?

To me, no aspect of the international situation of which I claim any knowledge is academic; and if it is, it means I know nothing about it, and I try not to write about it. How I could, unless I was a bloodless politician, write about (say) Europe without remembering the smell of French cigarettes, the look of the Via Veneto on a winter evening, a Rhenish vineyard in an April heatwave, the Parthenon floodlit, and the muddle and clutter of Paris suburbs as the train rattles past them in the grey dawn, I cannot conceive. This background of imagery has been a good deal enriched for me in the past twelve months. There is a sombre undertone to many of the recollections. I have seen Adolf Eichmann on trial. In Africa I have witnessed the wind of change become a gale force 9.

The Western Foreign Ministers, from left, Lord Home, Mr. Rusk, Herr Schroeder, and M. Couve de Murville meet in Paris. Congo was one of the subjects discussed

Each time I have come home, as the aircraft has swooped and steeped down to the tarmac, and the traffic of the Great West Road has become a reality instead of a charming little procession of toy motors, I have felt a sick sense of separation from my fellow-countrymen, and a foreboding apprehension that, rulers and ruled alike, we are smugly and fatuously ignorant of the truth about the world outside and our relations with it. I have actively disliked my having to return to the Land of Don't Know and Couldn't Care Less. So far as politics are concerned, 1961 has been the unhappiest year in my experience since 1938: To apportion the blame would be unreasonable. I merely state my opinion which, I believe, is shared by a growing minority—but still a minority—of thinking people in this country.

The personal factor in the attempt to evaluate public matters, to which I referred at the beginning of this article, and the subjectivity of memory, have been a good deal in evidence in the past few weeks. Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien, arriving at London Airport a fortnight ago, observed " I am a man under strain." Than that he never spoke a truer word; and though I regard his period of service as U.N. representative in Elisabethville as utterly catastrophic, I confess to some feeling of compassion towards him. He precipitated a political and military catastrophe, sought to put the blame on others, and was involved in personal catastrophe. If he could admit that he had been wrong for high motives, he would be a tragic rather than a pathetic figure.

The day that he uttered his brief heartcry, and was charitably treated by the British Press whom he had so reviled, it happened that I had read, with as much diligence as I could muster, his account of the Katanga crisis in *The Observer* and Mr. Douglas Brown's in *The Sunday Telegraph*. What is any historian or commentator to make of the total disparity between the two records? Dr. O'Brien and Mr. Brown agreed on one point only: the astonishing, persistent equivocation practised by the British Government. Thereafter, Dr. O'Brien launched into the passionate self-advocacy of a committed man, who felt that he had been frustrated and wronged; Mr. Brown strove—and in my view strove with some success—to be a good reporter. Where the truth lies it may take years to discover.

But to put the blame for the hideous mess of Katanga solely on the shoulders of the British and French Governments is, in my view, unjust. The British Government have been weak, evasive, irresolute and pathetically well-meaning; but until they took the final, miserable decision to hand over twenty bombs to the Indian Air Force and hedged the action around with " conditions " which could not and would not be observed, they were the victims of, rather than the active participants in, wrongdoing. Thereafter, gulled, vacillating and frightened out of their wits by the reactions of their back-benchers and those back-benchers' constituents, they could only flounder more and more deeply into the worst pickle since Suez. Sir Roy Welensky's stern denunciation of their behaviour was, in my opinion, as morally justified as it was factually accurate; and I can only hope and pray that historians will see it in that light.

Historians' verdicts (again, only if life, civilisation—and history—go on) do matter. What, for example, will they say in the end about the decision to drop the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima in August 1945? By this question I am—as any sane man must be—shocked always into reflections of the utmost gravity and grief. I have lately read a scrupulously honest account of the events leading up to that decision by an American historian, Mr. Herbert Feis, who concludes that the U.S. Government can be fairly criticised on one score only: they did not let the Japanese know the nature and destructive power of the new weapon to be used against them if the Potsdam Declaration was rejected.

Hiroshima learned on August 6, 1945 almost all there was then to know about the destructive power of the weapon. Sixteen years later, in December of this year of Grace 1961, late on the evening of the second Sunday in Advent (" O Come, O come, Emmanuel " is a suitable hymn for either Matins or Evensong at this season), the B.B.C. Television Service offered to its viewers a film entitled " Children of the Ashes," which is a picture of Hiroshima as it is today, drawn most brilliantly by a German named Robert Jungk. Hiroshima, you see, is not dead, as a city or a world would be after a visitation by the much " improved " atom-bombers of our day. It is a city of 500,000 people: and to see it on the screen in front of one's own fireside was to make a tourist trip to Hell.

Like the Reverend R. W. Hugh Jones who delivered the Epilogue immediately afterwards, I felt raw and naked, flayed with horror; the sprawl of neon lights, the twenty-four-hour sale of tranquillisers, the roar of the fruit machines, the lines of rich cars, the vulgar night-club which is " decorated " to represent a military hospital, the drunkenness, the suppressed fear, and through it all wandering one rootless, aimless, mutilated victim—this was like the Cities of the Plain, before, not after, their ordeal. Then I realised that Hiroshima was, after all, just like every other big city nowadays; the film's significance was that it was not just about the people of Hiroshima, but about me. " I know that my Redeemer liveth "—I have never been more conscious of the need of His sacrifice and His universal compassion; but I wonder whether I or Hiroshima can be said to merit either.

As the Oxford wing-threequarter, M. A. Ware, is tackled by S. A. Martin of Cambridge, the Oxford fly half, R. A. W. Sharp (left), comes leaping in support. **Left:** Dominating a fierce mêlée in the lineout is the giant Oxford second row forward, P. K. Stagg

# THE VARSITY MATCH

Cambridge went to Twickenham with an unbeaten season behind them and favourites to beat Oxford. In the event they did so to set the seal on an epic season. But it was by no means a one-sided game that was watched by a record crowd of 67,000. In the past the Varsity match has produced a stern, defensive game marked by fierce tackling, covering and backing up by two superbly fit sides. The pattern was followed again this year: the scores came from opportunist movements rather than spectacular organised set-pieces. Cambridge won the toss and the advantage of the wind. Their highly-acclaimed forwards pressed hard, supported by the kicking of G. H. Waddell. Oxford's plan was to hold the Cambridge pack in the tight scrums and to exploit the offensive ability of R. A. W. Sharp, their fly half, supported by backs and forwards in the loose. It was not until just before half-time that there was a score when Cass's kick for touch was charged down and C. F. W. Higham and R. C. B. Michaelson, of Cambridge, inter-passed for Higham to score in the corner. Immediately Oxford came back into the game with several imaginative moves and eventually Sharp dropped a goal to put them level. But another charged-down Oxford kick led to a try by C. P. Frankcom, and in injury time Waddell dropped a goal.

The crucial moment—T. Cass's kick for Oxford is about to be charged down to pave the way for Cambridge's first score. **Right:** Martin of Cambridge is tackled by Ware

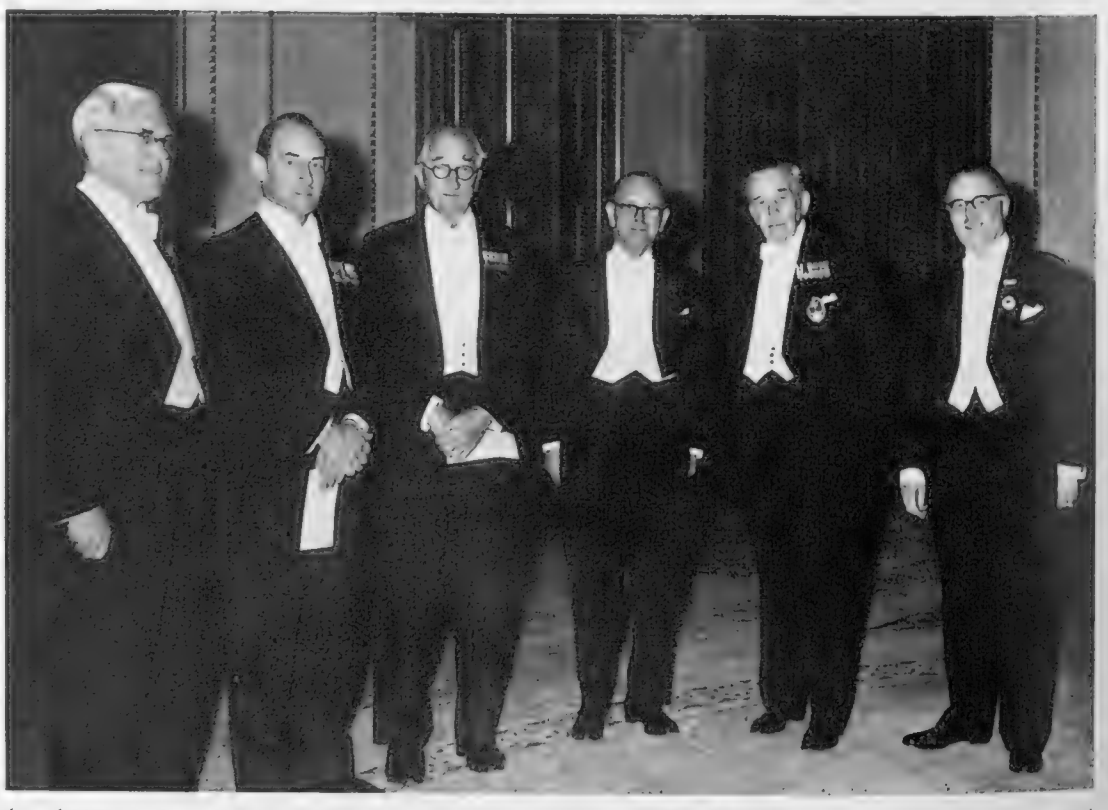
The spire of the Church of St. Mary Le Bow in Cheapside, from which scaffolding has recently been removed. One of London's many churches designed by Wren, St. Mary Le Bow was damaged by bombs during the war but has now been restored. The newly cast Bow bells were to be rung again after twenty years' silence by the Duke of Edinburgh on Wednesday of this week

The Mall frontage of Carlton House Terrace. Preservation of this is now assured under the Crown Estate Commissioner's plan

# A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS. Following a custom now thirty-five years old, I wish all readers of the *Newsletter* a happy Christmas. Quite a few, I am glad to know, are old and faithful friends, sparing of criticism and generous in encouragement. We have grown old together, in a world that swiftly changes in all sorts of ways, and usually without previous notice. I still like Christmas. I hope there will always be a Christmas. No doubt we are inclined to lengthen it as a festival, starting much too soon and still enjoying it after Twelfth Night. That is sound practice as regards its religious appeal: not so good as regards the cakes and ale and revelries. There were welcome indications this year that its commercialisation occupied fewer weeks, and was less vociferous than usual, though the store-lists of expensive and unnecessary "musts" as gifts showed as clearly as ever how many people there are today with too much money and not an idea how to use it. But I like to give and receive presents in moderation, if I feel less enthusiastic about Christmas cards. Certainly most of us are surfeited by Christmas Eve and must be glad of the postman's holiday on Christmas Day. And so, to one and all, a happy Christmas. Soon the days will lengthen again (and I suppose the frosts will strengthen). But snowdrop time will be round the corner. " The days are far from good, sir, and the night of the soul is dark," as Mr. Thorne severely remarked to John Inglesant at Little Gidding. To which Inglesant replied (with an indescribable charm I cannot imitate). " I hope, sir, that you and I may one day stand together in a brighter dawn." That hope has been much voiced in recent decades of our December and constantly deferred. Still, who knows when the luck of the draw may come? A happy Christmas, and here 's hoping again!



At a dinner given at the Fishmongers' Hall by the Royal Commercial Travellers' Schools to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, and also to celebrate his association with the Schools. From left are: Mr. George Walker (Director of A.E.I. Central Services), Captain P. G. C. Dickens (great-grandson of Charles Dickens), Sir Alan Herbert, Mr. A. T. Haywood (Managing Director of Electrical Components Ltd.), Sir Leslie Gamage, President of the Schools (Chairman of Pirelli-General Cable Works Ltd.) and Mr. C. Harvey (Secretary of Spillers Ltd.)

r modernisation within the existing walls

The Snow Queen in her palace, part of a window display on the theme of Hans Andersen's story *The Snow Queen* at Celanese House, Hanover Square. Among other life-size characters to be seen are the girl Gerda and the boy Kay, and wicked hobgoblin with his evil magic mirror. The display occupies 2,000 sq. ft. of the fashion theatre and showroom at Celanese House. It can be seen by the public until early January

**Right :** Sculptress Josephina de Vasconcellos puts the finishing touches to the figures for this year's crib for St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in London

A QUIET HOME-COMING. I rejoice to know that the Queen is spending a quiet Christmas with her family at Sandringham. That Christmas holiday was always treasured by her father and grandfather and great-grandfather. And it is well deserved this year, perhaps never more so. By her own desire, she returned home without ceremony from her triumphant tour of West Africa. It had begun with considerable national anxiety, which her reception in every country visited quickly and increasingly allayed. These Royal tours are always gruelling, though their objectives are never political. All concerned understand and appreciate that the Royal Family are ambassadors of peace, exemplars of civilised behaviour, envoys of understanding, sympathy and humanity and of all that is good in human nature. And their missions do indeed have an effect which is valuable and may leave some enduring lessons behind. If peace on earth is still, after 2,000 years, a remote ideal, good will towards men alone can bring it nearer fulfilment; and lovely indeed are the messengers who possess the power and the charm to bring the gospel of peace to the nations by means of the gentle arts of good manners, genuine sympathy, real interest and charming smiles. What a tragi-comedy lies in the common failure to realise that " ordinary " good manners could resolve half the problems which set nations and families by the ears and bedevil human relations.

UNCROWNED KING. I viewed on TV the " documentary " (or what-you-will) of the life of King Edward VIII. The script was relevant, unsensational, selective and in good taste and, it seemed to me, deserved a better presentation. When will the authorities of TV realise that its audiences are composed of people of all ages, some quick at the uptake and others slowed down by the handicap of age, and accept it that, whether they are giving us a documentary or a Shakespeare play or even a crime feature, the " tempo," as they call it, is all important? The actors are too prone to gabble their lines, the switches from one actor to another are bewildering for all listeners who are not of acute hearing, and remarkably quick in the uptake. These presentations fail and disappoint a great part of the average audience because they try to do too much, too quickly and often too noisily. But the presentation was not unreasonably propagandist. There was some indication of last-minute adjustments and of insufficient rehearsal, notably so in the case of Sir Compton Mackenzie's contribution, which was neither very intelligible nor convincing. But perhaps the technical fault which be-spangled my set with stars accounted for some of my confusion. I see no reason why the Duke of Windsor, during the silver anniversary year of the Abdication, should not share in the enormous publicity constantly given to the Royal Family by the B.B.C. He unquestionably did much good service to the nation as Prince of Wales and, whatever view one may hold on his decision to abdicate, none can deny that his education for his great responsibilities and the strains early put upon him were ill-planned and ill-advised and in fairness should be acknowledged. No doubt, at some future date a deeper and a more complete study will be attempted.

" BEAR " WARRE. Edmond L. ("Bear") Warre, who died recently at the age of eighty-four, last surviving son of Doctor Warre, was all his life one of Eton's most faithful alumni. To almost the end of his days, he was a familiar figure on the Fourth of June, as he sculled, as *avant-garde*, along the course of the Procession of Boats. He was, too, probably the most regular frequenter of the Travellers' Club, where he lunched daily, wearing a double-breasted buff waistcoat that, like himself, never seemed to grow older. He was immensely strong, very good-looking and of unimpeachable character. A bachelor, he never appeared lonely or bored, for he was an amateur water-colourist of merit and a professional architect whose work remains his monument at Eton, Rugby, Glyndebourne and Wilton; and his mind was always possessed with some interesting project or theory. He was a close friend of Belloc and of Conrad Russell, from his Balliol days, and illustrated some of Belloc's travel books. I knew him and valued his company for more than fifty years, from the days of Edwardian house-parties to the drab austerities of the post-war years, and I should reckon him to have been among the happiest of men. For his mind was always occupied with the healthiest of projects and there was no trace of envy or jealousy in his composition. In good times and bad, he found interests and contentment from within.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

# THE CHERRY ORCHARD

*The Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company at the Aldwych Theatre*

Lopahin (George Murcell) kisses the hand of Charlotta (Patience Collier). Background is Yasha (David Buck)

Lopahin and Epihodov (Patrick Wymark)

Chekhov, with Ibsen, is one of the twin masters of modern drama. With Ibsen, he was inspired by and then moulded the theatrical revolution of the nineteenth century. But previous to the new version at the Aldwych, there had been only eight major productions in London of Chekhov's last and best-known play—*The Cherry Orchard.* The infrequency of production may be put down to the demands the play makes on its director and cast. *The Cherry Orchard* needs style without being stylised, sadness without gloom, and a perfect balance between comedy and an atmosphere of impending social dissolution. Even during his lifetime, Chekhov found himself in opposition to his most famous director, Stanislavski, on whether *The Cherry Orchard* was comedy, as the author thought, or serious drama, as the director thought. For the Royal Shakespeare Theatre's production, a scintillating cast has been assembled under the direction of the renowned Michel Saint-Denis, a Frenchman who is regarded with awe throughout the theatrical world. It is an event not to be missed.

Pishchik (Paul Hardwick) and Charlotta

Servants—Yasha and Dunyasha (Patsy Byrne)

Anya (Judi Dench) kneels before Trofimov (Ian Holm)

The vagrant (Gordon Gostelow)

Firs (Roy Dotrice) pours tea for Varya (Dorothy Tutin)

Madame Ranevsky (Dame Peggy Ashcroft) and Gaev (Sir John Gielgud)

From left are Lopahin, Pishchik, Charlotta, Firs, Varya, Madame Ranevsky, Gaev, Anya and Dunyasha

# THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

## CANADA

### *Grants to universities for geological research*

Grants totalling £27,300 have been awarded this year by the Geological Survey of Canada to sixteen Canadian universities for research in the geological sciences. Ranging from £110 to £1,800, they are in support of twenty-eight new and fifteen continuing projects.

The 1961 amount brings the total of the grants since their introduction in 1951 to £149,000. Their purpose is to stimulate and support geological research in Canadian universities, which, in turn, encourages promising students to pursue their graduate studies in Canada rather than abroad.

The awards, made on the recommendation of the National Advisory Committee on Research in the Geological Sciences, have been welcomed by university faculty members whom they enabled to pursue theoretical leads and provide answers to many geological questions. The results have been recorded in no fewer than 135 papers published in scientific periodicals over the past ten years. The awards are also serving to attract support from other sources, including industry.

An indication of how some of the universities will use their award money follows:

The largest single grant this year, amounting to £1,820, went to McGill University for a long-term project involving experiments in the behaviour of silicates and sulphides at high temperatures and pressures, to find out more about the formation of ores and the metamorphism of rocks. In addition, McGill received grants totalling £2,130 for four other projects.

Queen's University received £3,600 in support of four projects, the largest being a grant of £1,270 to help the Mineralogical Association of Canada publish *Mineralogy and Origin of Sudbury Ores*, the work of an outstanding Canadian mineralogist. A £580 grant is to support the annual publication of the *Canadian Mineralogist* by the Mineralogical Association of Canada.

One continuing and four new projects at the University of Saskatchewan were assisted to the amount of £2,440. Two of the new projects and the continuing one received £730 each. One of these concerns the collection and study of Pleistocene invertebrate fossils in order to gain a better understanding of the environment prevailing during Pleistocene and early Postglacial times.

Carleton University, awarded £2,040, has three new projects this year, as well as one continuing study. The largest grant, £730, is for a geochemical study of Austin Brook iron formation and isotopic investigation of sulphide deposits in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick.

A £2,000 grant to the University of Toronto will support two new studies—one dealing with age and history of a Keewatin greenstone belt, and the other with investigation and development of improved methods for preparing interpretive cross-section of subsurface geologic structures.

Dalhousie University was awarded £910 for a continuing project of research on the chemistry of an inland sea, and the University of Ottawa received £840 toward a study of conodont faunas in the St. Lawrence lowlands.

The Duke of Edinburgh leaves the Chamber of the National Assembly of the newly independent people of Tanganyika, after making the Speech from the Throne on behalf of the Queen. The State Opening of Parliament in Dar-es-Salaam was the last public function of the Duke's three-day visit

Second Lieutenant Alexander Nyirenda, the first African Officer in the Tanganyika army, lights the symbolic torch of unity at the summit of Africa's highest peak, Mount Kilimanjaro. This took place after the raising of the flag of independent Tanganyika at midnight on December 8

Mr. J. R. Marshall, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, watches New Zealand lamb carcases being cut up in Smithfield Market, during his recent visit to London

In Australia House, London, Sir Frederick Hoare, the Lord Mayor of London, and Sir Eric Harrison, Australian High Commissioner, watch the flames on a 100-lb. Christmas pudding presented by the people of Australia to the Lord Mayor for distribution to charity. A giant Christmas pudding has been annually donated by the Australians to London in recent years

# WEALTH

*The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"*

The famous bridge across Sydney Harbour in Australia is floodlit for the first time. It is seen from the Kirribilli shore. The four stone pylons which are the main supports of the structure have recently been cleaned for the first time since it was opened in 1932. Sydney Bridge is 2¾ miles long, including approaches and has a centre span of 1,650ft.

## AUSTRALIA

### *Christmas in sunshine down under*

Although the dust has not yet settled after Australia's Federal elections, Australians for the moment are turning their vision towards less partisan vistas. This is the Christmas season, a time of year when the sun shines brightly on the continent, beckoning Australians along the holiday trails. Australians traditionally take their long vacations in this season. Schools are in recess and the mass exodus is beginning from factories and city offices. While snow piles on window-sills in the northern hemisphere and families settle around coal fires, Australians will be basking in thousands beneath the brassy sunshine of Sydney's surf beaches, or heading by rail, road and air to coastal resorts stretching from Queensland's Barrier Reef to Bunbury and Busselton, in Western Australia. Others will be seeking the quieter reaches of the mountains or countryside, while the less energetic will find their relaxation sipping cold beer in deck-chairs on the back lawns of suburban houses.

For Australians, Christmas means the "great outdoors." The first Australian Christmas card, printed in 1881, shows an Australian family dining informally in the sunshine. Many Australians continue to take their Christmas dinner outdoors but the traditional Christmas fare of their British forbears has undergone little change. With bland disregard for the summer heat, Australians can still hold their plates out for liberal servings of plum pudding and roast turkey. The traditions of the northern Christmas have by no means been abandoned.

Although carols are still sung in Australia at Christmas-time, the waits who trudge through the snow in Europe to sing carols outside homes have no real Australian counterpart. Instead, crowds gather beneath the stars on Christmas Eve to sing carols by candlelight. The Carols by Candlelight pageant began in Melbourne twenty-one years ago and today is a national institution. In Melbourne, this year, as many as 150,000 people, each carrying a lighted candle, will gather in a city park to join in the mass chorus. Carols by Candlelight pageants are now held in a number of Australian cities. The money from the sale of candles is used to raise funds for charity. In a different way, Christmas carols go to outback Australia. At isolated stations and settlements, the residents can tune-in to their short-wave tranceivers and hear a programme of Christmas carols and greetings over the Royal Flying Doctor Service radio network.

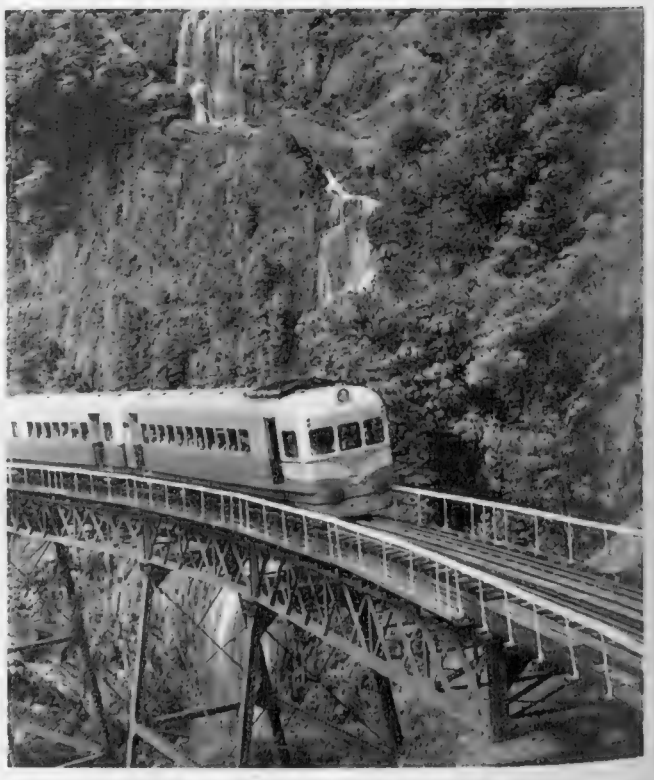
Each Australian State has its own indigenous flowering "Christmas tree" or "Christmas bush," like Western Australia's spectacular *Nuytsia floribunda*, with its mass of vivid orange and yellow flowers. But with the nostalgia that persists for a small island 12,000 miles away, holly—and often artificial at that—is used for the Christmas garland that hangs in the front room.

*(See also following pages)*

Coogee Beach is one of the main surf beaches near Sydney, in New South Wales. It is always crowded during weekends in the summer

# THE OPEN AIR IN AUSTRALIA

A drover with his team in the barren "outback" of New South Wales



A train passes Stoney Creek Falls in Barron Gorge, North Queensland

Brampton Island, in the Great Barrier Reef, is a modern tourist resort. The coconut palms were planted in the days of sailing ships to provide food for shipwrecked sailors

The "Three Sisters" in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales

Creek or Bangalow palms surround St. Helen's Creek, North Queensland

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

# IS CHRISTMAS EVER WHITE?

Shakespeare mentions Christmas only three times: twice in *Love's Labour's Lost* and once in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Each is no more than a passing reference. It seems that Shakespeare attached no particular significance to Christmas as such, though it is apparent from " a Christmas comedy," " a Christmas gambold," that it formed the excuse for a bit of a frolic. This, I think, was the accepted view of the age. Much earlier than Shakespeare, Thomas Tusser (*c.* 1515-1580) in his *The Farmer's Daily Diet* gave us the best known of all Christmas quotations:

> At Christmas play and make good cheer
> For Christmas comes but once a year.

Again, no mention of presents or anything like that, no mention of a Christmas tree or of snow or waits: just a hint that it is a good time for a frolic and a feast, a good excuse for lightening the tedium of the English winter. The fact, it would seem, is that the real " old-fashioned " Christmas is not so very old.

We know that the Christmas tree and the Christmas card are Victorian in origin. But what of all the rest? What of the traditional white Christmas? If you are elderly, even if you are middle-aged, what are your memories of childhood Christmases? I am willing to bet that you remember white Christmases, Christmases with lots of snow, thick white snow, " deep and crisp and even," and snowmen and snow-balling; and carol-singers, muffled to the eybrows, standing with lanterns and singing beneath a frosty star-lit sky. You will be very exceptional if you don't. Winters were winters then. Only they weren't, at any rate, not till the New Year.

How did it all start, this popular notion of the traditional white Christmas? Stockings for the children began much earlier. (I used to hang out a pillow-case myself, but I was always an optimist.) Stockings were certainly a custom in the eighteenth century:

> 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
> Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse;
> The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
> In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

But, nowhere in English literature do you find stress laid on the " white " Christmas until the Victorian era. It begins with the Victorian novelists. Consider George Eliot in *The Mill on the Floss*:

> Snow lay on the croft and river-bank . . . on every sloping roof, making the dark-red gables stand out with a new depth of colour; it weighed heavily on the laurels and fir-trees till it fell from them with a shuddering sound; it clothed the rough turnip field with whiteness, and made the sheep look like dark blotches; the gates were all blocked up with the sloping drifts. . . . But old Christmas smiled as he laid this cruel-seeming spell on the outdoor world, for he meant to light up home with new brightness, to deepen all the richness of in-door colour, and give a keener edge of delight to the warm fragrance of food.

There is the Victorian setting for the great winter festival.

For the Victorian novelist a " white " Christmas was essential. Time and again you will find in Dickens most seasonable descriptions of Christmas weather: not always snow, perhaps, but always cold, very, very cold. Recall the Pickwickians' coach journey to Dingley Dell. You will remember that the passengers had to fortify themselves with enough " ale and brandy to enable them to bid defiance to the frost that was binding up the earth in its iron fetters, and weaving its beautiful network upon the trees and hedges." And there was snow. It came (most punctually!) on Christmas Eve, drifting " across the fields in a thick, white cloud." In *A Christmas Carol* it is " cold, bleak, biting " on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning

> The people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of the houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snow-storms. . . . The people who were shovelling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball.

Do you remember such a Christmas Day? Well, maybe one: certainly not many. I can remember with certainty only one really white Christmas in my lifetime. I do not suppose that Dickens saw many, perhaps only one. His imagination has become our tradition. There is no evidence that the weather over the Victorian Christmas was different from that to which we are accustomed today.

But Christmas *was* different in Victorian times. Here is Dickens again, a description of Christmas morning:

> The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen. . . . There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. . . . The Grocers'! oh, the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses!

The shops were open on Christmas morning, the assistants polite, and the customers " eager in the hopeful promise of the day." Different indeed!

The feast has not changed. Turkey or goose, plum pudding: these are truly traditional. Christmas is still the family festival, the whole family gathered round the heavily laden table. But if you read Dickens, Eliot, Hardy, even James Joyce or Winifred Holtby, it is all too evident that there has been a change in the spirit, in the pace, of Christmas. Then, it was something to look forward to throughout the year: then, you collected the presents you wished to give away slowly, piece by piece, throughout the year, storing them in a drawer against the great day. The thought of Christmas was always with the Victorians. Preparation was pleasant and leisurely. There was time. Now, there is none. We buy our presents in one hectic (and usually last-minute) rush. One more shopping day to Christmas: what on earth shall we get for Auntie Ethel?

Preparation for Christmas has become an exercise, a rather wearing exercise. You don't agree? Well, how often, in this last week or two, have you heard someone say: " Get Christmas over and I 'll . . .," " Once Christmas is over we 'll . . ."—as though it was a bad cold. I am going to have a very happy Christmas. I hope you will, too. And " once Christmas is over " I 'll . . . well, I 'll wish it wasn't.

A motorist, carrying his daughter and with his wife following behind, plods across Rannoch Moor near Glencoe, Scotland, after abandoning his car. The photograph was taken in early December when blizzards swept across Scotland

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOOTBALL

# CHIGWELL v HIGHGATE

Both Highgate School, in North London, and Chigwell School, in Essex, have had good seasons. Their match, played at Chigwell, proved a close and exciting encounter, with the home side emerging the winners by three goals to two. Chigwell kicked off with the rather gusty wind behind them and for the first twenty minutes dominated play, particularly when they took corners. D. A. Read, taking the kicks from both sides of the field, placed the ball accurately and first J. Turner and then R. E. C. Collins scored for Chigwell. Later, Highgate came back into the game and scored from a penalty. At the interval the score was 2—1. In the second half Highgate had more of the play and drew level when B. E. Dennis scored. Chigwell gained the decisive goal through N. J. R. Green.

A header rebounds from the Highgate crossbar as A. Parfitt and A. Reid defend their goal with goalkeeper, R. Ballin (centre)

H. Sherman, the Chigwell captain, clears from C. B. Chicken and Reid

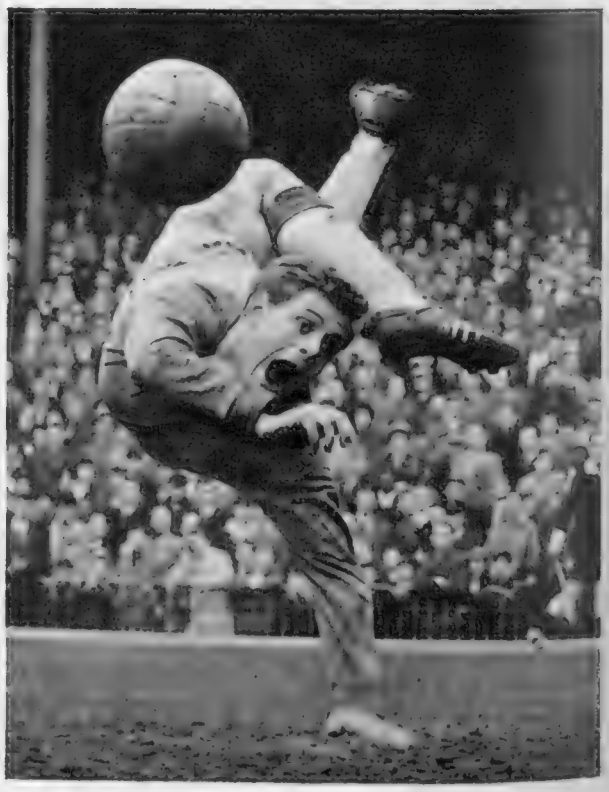
Sherman evades a tackle from B. E. Dennis. Right is G. Oliffe of Chigwell

H. Hodge, the Chigwell goalkeeper, vainly tries to stop Highgate scoring from a penalty. **Right:** R. A. Ballin, of Highgate, beats J. Turner to the ball. The Highgate defenders are Parfitt, C. R. Spooner and Reid

The Britannica awards for the best press photographs of the year were presented by Mr. Iain Macleod, the Leader of the House of Commons, at the Savoy Hotel last week. The competition, of which this was the fourteenth, is organised annually by Encyclopædia Britannica in conjunction with the Institute of British Photographers. This year 394 press photographers entered 2,786 pictures. The Photographer of the Year was H. P. Andrews of *Planet News*. He had won the Royal Category in 1953, had been third in the News Category in 1952 and has had pictures in ten of the fourteen exhibitions. He will hold the Hector McNeil Trophy for twelve months, and receive a replica of the trophy in the form of a silver ashtray. He also wins a prize of 100 guineas. The 102 black-and-white pictures and the two colour pictures selected by the judges will be exhibited throughout Great Britain and South Africa during the coming year.

"Water Stop," a picture of floods in Maidstone High Street in November 1960 by H. P. Andrews of *Planet News*, the Photographer of the Year. **Right:** Also from H. P. Andrews' portfolio is "Dinner Guest," showing the Queen arriving for dinner with Mrs. Pandit, formerly Indian High Commissioner in London

"Berlin, August 1961," by Donald McCullin of *The Observer*, winner of the First Award in the Sequence Category



"Sorry, I'm All Tied Up," by Ronald Bell of P. A.-Reuter, winner in the Sports Category

"Russian Guards and Companion," a photograph taken in Red Square, Moscow, by T. A. Cryer of Associated Press, winner of the Feature Category

# PICTURES OF THE YEAR

This picture of Dr. Fisher in Israel, "Archbishop in the Wilderness," is by Victor Blackman of the *Daily Express*, who gained an honourable mention in the Portfolio Category

"High Tea," by Stan Royle of the *Manchester Evening News*, winner of the Joint Second Award in the Feature Category

**TRAVEL**

# ATTRACTIONS OF CRETE

By **GORDON COOPER**

Between Europe and Africa, in the Eastern Mediterranean, lies a high narrow island—the island of Crete. By far the largest of the Greek islands, its mountains tower high into the skies, with Ida, legendary birthplace of Zeus and snow-clad throughout the year, reaching a height of 8,200 ft. Here today dwell the *kri-kri*, wild goats similar to the Alpine chamois.

" Out in the wine-dark sea," wrote Homer in the *Odyssey*, " lies the land of Crete, a country rich and lovely, closely inhabited by many peoples and with ninety cities. . . . The capital is a great city called Knossos, where reigned King Minos, who from his ninth year talked in friendship with almighty Zeus." This description refers to the Minoan period, when the island was almost in control of the Mediterranean.

By air, Heraklion, the island's chief seaport, can be reached in an hour from Athens. By sea the journey lasts fourteen hours from Piræus. Heraklion makes the best base from which to explore the archæological sites of Crete, and it provides comfortable accommodation in the Astir and the Candia hotels. In both cases, only room and breakfast are available, so you must eat out at one or other of the local restaurants, none of which are outstanding for their cuisine. But, as I have often found in my travels, gastronomic excellence does not seem to matter in places which draw you for the interest of their archæological sites.

Knossos, the main centre of the Minoan civilisation, lies three miles inland from Heraklion. Largely through Sir Arthur Evans, who began excavations here in 1902, the splendour of the Minoan culture has been revealed. It is amazing to see the enormous wealth of relics, the elaborate Palace of King Minos, the decoration of the Royal apartments and the extensive warehouses containing dozens of huge vases found in the exact positions where they stood 5,000 years ago. In the Throne Room can be seen the actual seat on which King Minos sat and conferred with his ministers. Two other outstanding features are the light-wells and the " modern " water supply and sanitation. Remember though that much of what you do see is clever reconstruction by Evans, and you must cross the island to see original work at Phæstos.

Phæstos lies some forty miles from Heraklion, and although it can be reached by bus it is more convenient to hire a car. Most of the road there is bumpy, but the journey itself is interesting. On the way two other archæological sites merit a visit; Gortyna, the largest city of Crete in Greco-Roman times, where the most important ruin is that of a small amphitheatre, behind which are *boustrophedon* inscriptions in ancient Doric characters, cut into the stone and which promulgated the civic laws of Gortyna to its citizens in the sixth century B.C.; and Aghia Triada, where there are the remains of a Minoan Royal villa and some Mycenæn remains.

Phæstos was the second greatest Minoan city. Built on a hill, with a panoramic view over the fertile plan of Messara and the mountain slopes behind, this site offers a dramatic background to its remains. The outstanding ones are a majestic flight of steps, a main courtyard, and an interesting copper smelting kiln. There is, incidentally, a Tourist Pavilion where I lunched excellently and which has a few bedrooms. It is a spot to which I would wish to return.

Third in importance after Knossos and Phæstos is the Palace of Malia (east of Heraklion), with interesting ruins and a large collection of Minoan household objects. Here, too, there is a simple hotel and a pleasant bathing beach. Mention must also be made of Gurnea and its excavations lying east of Malia. It can be reached by passing through St. Nicholas, where there is a new luxury camp, simple hotel accommodation, and a beach—a pleasant spot for a holiday. Gurnea is the only site in Crete where a Minoan town may be seen, complete with its houses and streets, but only approachable by a rough track.

Not to be forgotten in any account of the archæological glories of Crete is the museum in Heraklion, one of the best arranged museums I have ever encountered. Its rooms contain a wide range of Minoan objects obtained from the excavations. These include the " egg-shell " pottery, so thin that, even now, skilled potters could not imitate it. There are also chessmen of gold, enamel and lapis lazuli, carvings and statuettes of delicate workmanship, much beautiful jewellery, wall-paintings, and, not least, the golden double-axe which was the royal emblem of Minoan Crete.

Chania is another interesting Cretan town, while Rethymnon, Sitia and Sfakia each have a distinctive character. However, hotel accommodation is only available in Chania and Rethymnon. From Sitia, a three-hour mule-ride takes you to Toplou Monastery, where there is room for the visitor. Up among the surrounding Cretan mountains you feel right out of this world, free to enjoy the solitary grandeur and the splendid air.

Contemporary Crete, too, is not lacking in interest. There are the picturesque local costumes and the vivid dances. Every village has its feasts and festivals, in which many traditions are kept alive. Only by taking part in these can you really get to know the true charm of Crete, whose people, by the way, treat every stranger as " sacred." All doors are open before him, and he is offered, with simplicity and generosity, the best that is available—a spontaneous hospitality.

As elsewhere in Greece, the local Tourist Police office acts as a helpful information centre. For background reading, I recommend *A Handbook to the Palace of Knossos*, by J. D. S. Pendlebury (Max Parrish. 12s. 6d.) and *The Bull of Minos*, by Leonard Cottrell (Pan Books. 2s. 6d.), while the romantic novel *The King must Die*, by Mary Renault (Longman's. 18s.) is entertaining. There is still considerable discussion over the decipherment of the so-called Linear B script, but this is mainly of interest to the experts. For further information on Crete, apply to the National Tourist Organisation of Greece, 195 Regent St., W.1.

The impressive flight of steps at the Palace of Phæstos on the isle of Crete

**Right:** Minoan jars at Knossos

## RAIL ACTIVITY AT CLAPHAM

Terence Cuneo's painting shows the centre section of Clapham Junction, London, one of the world's busiest rail junctions. The painting, commissioned by the Southern Region, depicts the scene from the main-line signal box. It shows, foreground right, a Battle of Britain class locomotive waiting to enter Waterloo, and centre left, the Bournemouth Belle. Covering in all 34½ acres, Clapham Junction sees over 2,500 trains through every twenty-four hours. During the peak periods of the morning and evening there is a train every 20 seconds

## NEWS OF AIR SERVICES— PARTICULARLY TO MAURITIUS

There is an increasing tendency on the Continent of Europe for town air terminals to close down, with passengers expected to make their own way to the airport. For example, the town terminals at Ajaccio and Bastia have just been closed. Both airports are sufficiently near the town for a taxi service to operate. It is advisable therefore, these days, to make absolutely sure, when travelling by air, of the latest check-in times at the airport, since even when town terminals exist there is sometimes no definite coach service to connect them with a particular flight. This is to be watched in travelling by air from Paris.

From December 1 Aer Lingus, in conjunction with Royal Blue Coaches and the Bristol Omnibus Company, is starting an air-coach service between London, Bristol and Dublin, twice a week, on Fridays and Sundays. You leave London, Victoria Coach Station, at 9.30 a.m., and arrive at Bristol at 3.25 p.m., leaving Lulsgate Airport for Dublin at 4.45 p.m., where the plane arrives at five minutes to six. From Dublin there is a week-day service. The combined fare is £11 9s. return for a seventeen-day excursion ticket. What will appeal to many people is the facility for being picked up or dropped by the coach at its main stopping places, which are Slough, Maidenhead, Reading, Newbury, Marlborough, Calne, Chippenham and Bath.

A new weekly service by B.O.A.C. will begin on Saturday, January 6, 1962, when a Britannia airliner will leave London Airport for Rome, Khartoum, Nairobi and Mauritius. The journey will take just over twenty-four hours and will bring this beautiful island in the Indian Ocean within a day's reach of Britain. The economy-class fare will be £309 12s. return, and the first-class fare £489 12s. return. The return service is scheduled to leave Mauritius every Monday at 12.45 p.m. local time, arriving at London Airport at 9.50 a.m. the next day.

Mauritius should now join the other islands under the British flag as a more easily accessible tourist attraction. It is a lovely island, enjoying a sub-tropical climate, about forty miles long and thirty miles wide. Since much of the interior consists of a plateau 2,000 ft. in height, with grand mountain scenery in the background, you can enjoy two different climates. At sea-level the mean annual temperature is 74 degrees F. Port Louis is the colourful capital, while Curepipe is the principal residential town on the plateau. The beaches are extensive; Tamarin is one of the more spectacular, Mon Choisy is the most popular. Horse-riding, sailing, water ski-ing, deep-sea fishing and river fishing are among the attractions of this picturesque island, bound by coral reefs and white sands.

W. D. C. C.

**BOOKS**

# BEWICK COINCIDENCE

*Two separate editions of the famous nineteenth-century naturalist's memoirs; beginnings of cricket; this week's fiction*

Purists will explain to you that there is no such thing as a strange coincidence, since all coincidences are, by their nature, as strange as can be. So one may only say of the publication, within ten days of each other, of two separate, authentic editions of the memoirs of an early nineteenth-century naturalist and illustrator that the circumstance is a literary coincidence. MEMOIR OF THOMAS BEWICK Written by Himself (Centaur 63s.), covers the years between 1822 and 1828, the year of his death, and is a comprehensive record of his life and interests during this period. At the end of the volume there is a selection from the wood-cuts which illustrated his own work on *Quadrupeds and Birds*, and very charming they are, exact in detail and imaginative in setting. Bewick was born in 1753 and was, in his maturity, first among England's wood engravers and illustrators. His autobiography is unique as the record of a life spent in business as an artist-tradesman in Newcastle-upon-Tyne when George III was reigning. In an introduction, Mr. Edmund Blunden has written with typically sympathetic imagination that this memoir was Bewick's testament of beauty and he has quoted the writer's own words, summing-up the conceptions which impelled the whole Romantic Movement: "It is impossible to set bounds to the improvement of the human mind," wrote Bewick more than 130 years ago, "and it is also equally so to limit the capabilities of the human frame when duly cultivated." That cultivation was an essential precept to the man whose exquisitely fine perceptions and robust common sense have been conveyed from the Georgian age to our own.

A MEMOIR OF THOMAS BEWICK Written by Himself (Cresset Press. 18s.) is the other volume, in this case edited and with an introduction by Mr. Montague Weekley who, in 1953, wrote the standard critical biography of the man. This book gives an abridged version of the material with fewer though still well-chosen illustrations, and is therefore the more compact though less comprehensive. Both are representative of Bewick's art and of that especial quality revealed in the memoir itself: simplicity without naïveté. Both books present a minor classic, the work of a man admired by his great contemporary, Wordsworth, and a work well worth the fond labour of re-editing and reprinting. Thomas Bewick once said that "a good naturalist cannot be a bad man," and he proved that saying right in his own life and by his own direct apprehension of the natural world.

THE DUKE WHO WAS CRICKET (Muller. 25s.) is Mr. John Marshall's extremely entertaining biography of the second Duke of Richmond, grandson of Charles II and Louise de Kerouaille, who was soldier, politician, even doctor, and Master of the Horse to George II. This Duke of Richmond had the greatest possible influence on the game in the eighteenth century and his life story would be required reading for all good cricket fans and true even if were not as amusingly told as it is in Mr. Marshall's book. The Duke lived in tremendous style (never, presumably, having to do without that fourth pastry cook whose work would be to make biscuits to go with morning sherry) and was married most happily to Sarah, daughter of the first Earl of Cadogan. A reproduction of an enchanting Kneller portrait of the Duchess is one of the graceful illustrations in the book. As for the serious business of cricket, the Duke may be said to be responsible for the very first professionals in the game because he shrewdly employed, in various capacities, some of the best players in the country so that he could have them on hand for a match. In his day there were two-stump wickets with "milk-white bails" and cricket bats were only beginning to develop from odd objects rather like ice-hockey sticks to the shape we know today. The author has written a very attractive book which is as much a social history of the times as a description of cricket's early days.

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA has the difficult speaking and dancing role in Ashton's *Persephone* at Covent Garden

THE LEATHER BOYS (Blond. 16s.) is a book about those young men whose ideal is to get expensive motor bicycles, expensive leather jackets (without working too much for either) and to break a few records on the motorways. Mr. Eliot George writes about a group of these characters and about two of them, in particular, who form a loving friendship, but he fails to communicate his understanding to an ordinary reader.

I much enjoyed the dedication of Mr. Flann O'Brien's novel, THE HARD LIFE (MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.), subtitled *An Exegesis of Squalor* and "honourably presented to Graham Greene whose own forms of gloom I admire, this misterpiece." (And the last is no misprint.) Mr. O'Brien's misterpiece is concerned with two orphan boys growing up in Dublin in the odour of good whiskey and bad cooking, and with the man who is, in one

# MANKIND'S HISTORY

*A pictorial history of 100,000 years*

Here in one volume with the resounding title 100,000 YEARS OF DAILY LIFE (The Bodley Head. £4 10s.) is presented a vast and detailed panorama of man's daily life through the ages, from Neanderthal Man to *homo sapiens* 1961. The illustrations—there are over 850 including 32 pages in full colour—have been gathered from museums, art galleries and photographic collections throughout the world, and are linked by a continuous narrative. Jacques Brosse, Paul Chaland and Jacques Ostier, who have laboured on this work under the editorship of Robert Laffont, have produced a volume that is at once scholarly and readable, clearcut in its marshalling of facts, and commanding in its broad sweep. *100,000 Years of Daily Life* is perhaps a more real history of mankind than most of us have ever seen before. Kings and their battles have hardly any place in these pages. The common man is the hero and the villain, his everyday doings are the centre of the stage.

Are the memories of a Government Chief Whip of yesteryear other than rather small beer? The immediate "off-the-cuff" answer must surely be yes, for the daily doings of these chaps who keep the party whipped into line are essentially disciplinary, and the levers of power do not require vast imagination to operate. Perhaps Aretas Akers-Douglas, later first Viscount Chilston, was an exception, for he served two great leaders in Salisbury and Balfour who had little taste for party management, and so for over ten years he was a considerable power in the Conservative Party. The third Viscount Chilston has now written his grandfather's biography under the title CHIEF WHIP (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 45s.), and on the whole it makes good reading, although more of Labouchere's quips and less of his laborious letters of intrigue would be welcome in a volume that really contains far too many letters with far too many allusions to matters of ephemeral importance in a period of intense political activity. Of Akers-Douglas it can be said that he was the party man *par excellence*, a good constituency man, and a true patriot. The third Lord Chilston's biography does ample justice to his career of service.

Michael Mardon is an unusual fellow, an old Harrovian and Cambridge graduate who has spent five summers on tour as a circus clown. Obviously he found the life congenial among these folk with their strong sense of discipline allied to an equally strong belief in personal liberty, and in A CIRCUS YEAR (Putnam. 21s.) he writes about life on tour with warmth, enthusiasm and very real insight. To Mr. Mardon, after the toil and sweat of one-night stands and much touring, the circus ring is still a magic ring.

W. J. Reichmann, Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, has written a long treatise on USE AND ABUSE OF STATISTICS (Methuen. 22s. 6d.). He expounds in particular the art and craft of conducting surveys from the moment when the trained interviewer pops the question to the final task of analysing the results, including such techniques as "the analysis of variance," "the chi square test," and "factorial design." There is never a dull moment in the expanding universe of the statistician.

In A LANCE FOR LIBERTY (Harrap. 25s.) His Honour J. D. Casswell, Q.C., relates his experiences in some of the forty murder trials in which he acted as an advocate. It is a fascinating record, not least in respect of the celebrated porthole murder trial which followed the disappearance of the twenty-one-year-old actress Gay Gibson at sea, and the Heath case, perhaps one of the most brutal and abominable of our time. The author's brevity and crystal clarity of style are remarkable.

Bill Robinson has combined his talents as a writer, a photographer and a blue-water sailor to give an intimate and exciting account of sailing in the great Bermuda race. A BERTH TO BERMUDA (Van Nostrand. 30s.) shows that participation in an ocean race is taxing both to mind and body, but the rewards are many.

**Richard Edmonds**

sense, their benefactor and later, perhaps, their victim. It is odd as can be but never dull.

THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN (Peter Davies. 16s.) is an exceptionally good novel about the early days of settlers in Australia when, contrary to legend, not all of them were deported criminals. Mr. Roger Cleeve has written memorably about one of the original homesteadings and about the tragic problems of being a liberal, kindly boss in a savage land.

Mr. Marquis Childs is an American political writer so that a novel from his pen, or typewriter, or tape-recorder has an especial interest if, as with THE PEACEMAKERS (Hammond. 15s.), it is concerned with international affairs. Geneva is the setting for this polished, urbane, not altogether credible story and it is good, easy reading.

TORRENTS (Muller. 18s.) is a novel by Mlle. Marie-Anne Desmarest, which had considerable success when it was originally published in France some eight years ago and which has now been admirably translated by Miss Daphne Woodward. The story is told in the first person by a plain girl, deeply in love with her attractive though smug husband and naturally enough jealous of the pretty woman who reappears in her husband's life. A classic triangle, therefore, but saved from banality by the sensitive if occasionally breathless writing and by the brilliantly evoked scenes in Holland, Sweden and South Africa.

TALES FROM THE CALENDAR (Methuen. 15s.) contains, in a small volume, most of the short stories which Bertolt Brecht thought worth preserving from his own work, together with a few poems and anecdotes. Together they are a vital reminder of the talent of this most courageous and independent writer.

Just one mystery story this week and it is by Francis and Richard Lockridge, which means that it is well-planned and highly diverting. THE GOLDEN MAN (Hutchinson. 13s. 6d.) has a neat story-line and the writing that typical American crispness which is one of the most welcome of their exports.

**Vernon Fane**

Demeter (Gerd Larsen) and Mercury (Alexander Grant) in grave, hieratic dance

Pluto (Keith Rosson)

## PERSEPHONE

### *at the Royal Opera House*

One of the Royal Ballet's most ambitious works, Frederick Ashton's version of the retelling of Greek myth by Stravinsky and André Gide, was given its world première in London last week. The work is in a hazardous genre; for *Persephone* calls for a ballerina who speaks as well as dances, and a tenor and chorus to sing Stravinsky's setting of André Gide's French verse. The story is based on the myth of the cycle of the seasons. On the first morning of the earth, Persephone, the bringer of spring, leaves for the world of the shades. There she marries Pluto, but returns again to earth for half of each year. The staging calls for the full resources of Covent Garden and the intricacies of the text and music are matched in the complex sets of Nico Ghika and the athletic male dancing. Beriosova eloquently brings off the leading role.

*Photographs by Anthony Crickmay*

Demeter cradles her daughter Persephone (Svetlana Beriosova)

Persephone is supported by her friends on earth

LEADERS OF
BRITISH INDUSTRY

*Photographed by*
*Tom Hustler*

# Sir Peter Roberts

Sir Peter Roberts, Bt., Conservative M.P. for the Heeley division of Sheffield, is chairman of Newton Chambers and Co. Ltd.; Wellman Smith Owen Engineering Corporation Ltd.; Hadfields Ltd.; Ransome and Rapier Ltd.; and Barrow Barnsley (Holdings) Ltd. Three of these firms have leading positions in the engineering industry in a variety of fields. Hadfields, of which Sir Peter became chairman recently, occupies an important place in the steel industry. His connection with steel and engineering is further shown by his vice-chairmanship of the British consortium, Iscon, builders of the Durgapur steelworks in India. Sir Peter succeeded his father to the baronetcy in 1955. Born in Sheffield in 1912, Peter Geoffrey Roberts was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Before the Second World War, he practised at the Bar, at the Inner Temple. He then served in the Coldstream Guards. First elected to the House of Commons in 1945, he later became vice-chairman of the Conservative Trades and Industry Committee and is now chairman of the Conservative Power Committee. In 1954, he was Master Cutler of the Hallamshire Cutlers' Company. Married, with five children, Sir Peter Roberts lives in Sheffield. His hobby is shooting

# PROSPECTS FOR NUCLEAR POWER

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Early this autumn the first two British nuclear reactors built primarily to generate electricity, at Berkeley and Bradwell, " became critical "—that is to say, sufficient metallic fuel elements were charged into their graphite cores to make possible a sustained nuclear reaction from which power can be generated as electricity. Within a few months they will be delivering power to the national grid. These first two " commercial " stations will, as it turns out, be something less than commercial in practice; nevertheless, they are coming into operation at a time when the fluctuating fortunes of nuclear generation are looking a little better than they have for some years. But the brighter prospects are mainly abroad—and may eventually pose as many problems for British nuclear engineers as technical advances solve.

What has happened to encourage some of the scientists and designers concerned is that one of the power stations built in the United States now appears likely to be completed for a capital cost about 20 per cent. lower than had been originally estimated. Another experimental reactor there now seems liable, its sponsors declare, to offer, almost straight away, electricity costs comparable with those of conventional power stations.

No British design team has yet been able to voice such hopes for any of the seven power stations that the Central Electricity Generating Board has now ordered. The " break-even " point with coal-fired and oil-fired power stations is not expected to come, in this country, before the early '70's. But there have even been some ideas voiced in Britain recently that the higher cost of nuclear electricity is largely a matter of arbitrary accounting conventions. These may have been cheering to the design teams concerned, if not to their own accountants in the nuclear engineering consortiums, who have had some unpleasant figuring on their own account to face during the building of the British plant. None of the stations now nearing completion has been built for the price set in the contract; and while modifications to the designs for safety and other operational reasons have been largely the responsibility of the nationalised electricity customer, none of the groups that came into nuclear engineering five years ago has been able to escape provision for some degree of loss on its initial contract.

The Babcock Goliath crane at Trawsfynydd nuclear power station, Merionethshire, lowers into position the 450-ton top section of the spherical pressure vessel of No. 1 reactor. The Trawsfynydd power station, rated at 500MW, is being built by Atomic Power Constructions Ltd. for the C.E.G.B.

How do the economics of nuclear power look nowadays in Britain, when the Calder Hall reactor, operated mainly for military explosive production, has been feeding power into the grid for several years, and when the " first generation " of those nuclear stations which were ordered between 1954 and 1956 are about to begin supplying power? Sir Christopher Hinton, discussing recently the cost of this electricity made out of uranium, rather ironically used, deliberately or unawares, a simile that the coal industry has often in recent years used to describe its own difficulties. He likened the nuclear scientists and engineers, in their attempt to reduce costs, to men trying to descend an upward-moving escalator: " When they stepped downwards, the escalator of economics counteracted their descent."

British estimates of nuclear costs have had to be revised upwards for various reasons since the early optimistic days of 1954, when the plans for this kind of generation were first increased. The first revision, in 1956, was made in what was called " the plutonium credit "—*i.e.* the value given to the plutonium produced as a by-product in the kind of nuclear stations Britain first developed. The stations were still planned to produce just as much plutonium as before; but the value of this artificial element, as either a fuel or as a nuclear explosive, had fallen, because the United States had meanwhile reduced its price for enriched uranium, which is a somewhat better nuclear fuel for most of the same purposes. This " credit " was cut from nearly a third of a penny per unit of electricity generated to less than a tenth of a penny; as a result, the cost of generating power went up automatically from about six-tenths of a penny to about eight-tenths.

On paper—and it has to be emphasised that even up to now all these arguments about the cost of nuclear power arise from the altering of figures in paper calculations, with no operating experience to back them —nuclear electricity therefore went up from roughly the same cost as nuclear power to nearly a farthing a unit more. Another increase in estimated costs has arisen over the years from the fact that interest rates on capital have risen from about 4 per cent. to about 6 per cent. A nuclear power station's costs are nearly all capital charges, so this increase has affected nuclear economics, too.

Neither of those increases in costs were within the power of the nuclear engineers to control; and though there have been some inevitable mistakes and revisions in design, it is fair to say that there has been a steady improvement in the cost of construction as each new set of tenders has been put in. The first stations designed in 1956-57, Berkeley and Bradwell, had a capital cost of about £165 a kilowatt of generating capacity; the station ordered this year for Sizewell is expected to cost about £105 per kilowatt. This means that the power generated at Berkeley and Bradwell will cost close on a penny a unit; from Sizewell, it should cost only about six-tenths of a penny. It will thus have taken about four years of steadily-developing design to get back to roughly the cost figure that nuclear power was originally expected to achieve in 1954.

In 1954, moreover, that figure looked low enough to compete on equal terms with the best coal-fired stations; today, it does not. Coal has not come down in price, but it has not gone up to the extent that seemed likely seven years ago; nor can it afford to in future, now that Britain has fuel to spare. But there has also been a remarkable reduction in the capital charges of conventional power stations simply by a rapid increase in the size of generating sets and whole power stations. When you make such a plant bigger, the capital costs do not increase as much as the generating capacity does. Both the nuclear and the conventional stations are now benefiting from these " economies of scale " but so far the conventional stations have held their advantage.

The first five years' technical experience at Calder Hall has turned out, as a recent government report showed, considerably better than might have been expected; but that nuclear station uses what nowadays seem very small turbines, and its operating temperatures and pressures are relatively mild, too. The new atomic stations being built today are designed for much more demanding performance—for example changing fuel rods while the reactor remains " on load "—though their boilers and turbo-alternators are still a good deal more simple than those now being designed for the most modern coal and oil-fired stations.

There may not be much more scope for economies of scale for this " generation " of nuclear reactor, and the " advanced gas cooled reactor," designed for higher temperatures and pressures in its steam generation, seems to be presenting more problems of design than had been hoped. At the same time, one factor that has so far artificially held up the costs of power possible from British nuclear stations may eventually shift in their favour. The uranium used in British reactors comes mainly from Canada, under long-term contracts signed at high prices representing what appeared in the mid-'50's to be a continuing scarcity. Nowadays, we are getting uranium much cheaper; and at some point in time, presumably the Atomic Energy Authority will being passing on to the commercial nuclear stations the benefit of lower cost in the raw material from which it makes fuel elements for their reactors.

It will be two years from the time that Berkeley and Bradwell begin sending out electricity before the Central Electricity Board knows if they are as successful as hoped, though as Sir Christopher Hinton has remarked, " We might know before then if they are not." By that time, too, estimates for the British advanced reactors, and for other types from which other nations are expecting impressive reductions in cost, should have become somewhat clearer. Britain's nuclear capacity will be building up steadily. And the experience that our engineering industry has gathered, at great cost to the public purse and to the firms concerned, will be put to new tests in the European Common Market and the world export market beyond. Not until then will one properly be able to measure the real benefits of Britain's nuclear programme.

(*See also page 496*)

Typical diodes, showing their small size

# MINIATURE COMPONENTS FOR ELECTRONICS

This machine fuses the two parts of the diode, the whisker contact end and the first seal, by means of heating with platinum coils on the twenty-five heads of the machine

*Photographs by Desmond O'Neill*

Each first seal or glass envelope is loaded individually with solder followed by a germanium crystal. **Right:** A stainless steel weight is then placed in each first seal and the loaded jig is passed through an inert atmosphere furnace

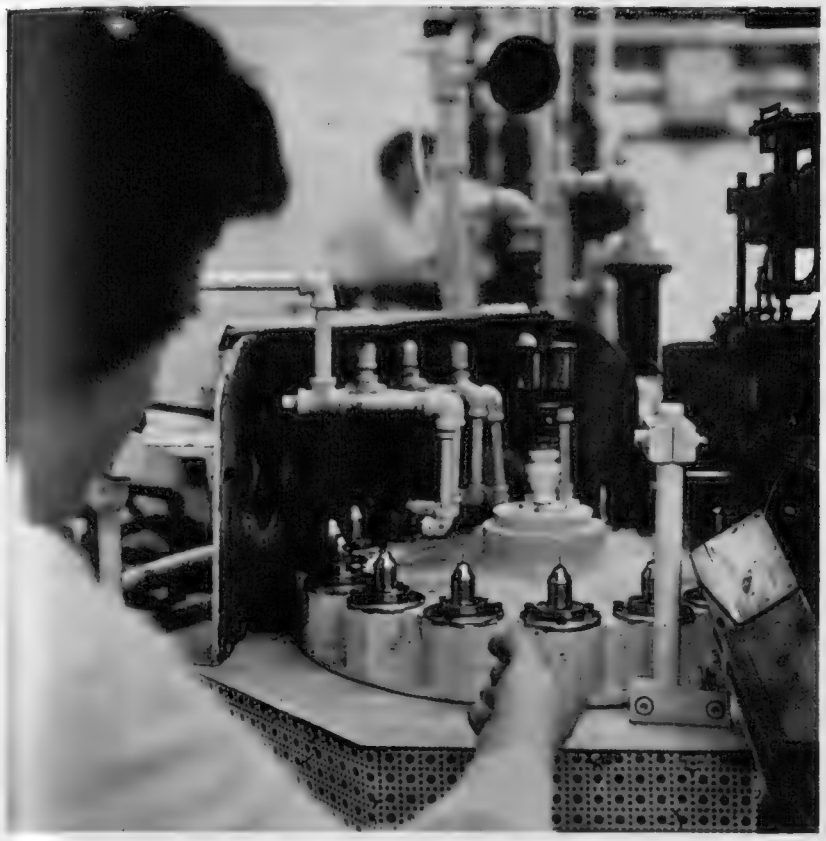
In the world of electronics the layman is faced by scientific achievements which are almost impossible to visualise. It is not only the complexity and the accuracy of the components needed, but in many instances their minute size. For the need to save space and weight is of paramount importance in fields of electronics such as instrument packages for space satellites. In the industry the semi-conductor is basic to the miniaturisation of electronics. "Semi-conductor" is a generic term covering diodes, transistors and rectifiers. In many instances these devices, looking like a hairline wire with a bump in the middle little bigger than the head of a pin, can replace whole sets of vacuum tubes and condensers. In addition to their minute size semi-conductors are gaining a fine record for reliability.

The photographs on these two pages show the manufacture of mainly silicon and germanium diodes at the new plant of Hughes International (U.K.) Ltd., on the Glenrothes Industrial Estate, Fife. This is a British-formed company, which is backed by the giant Hughes organisation in the U.S. Mostly young women are employed at the factory, selected on a basis of dexterity and intelligence tests. Training takes from two to three weeks on the average. Advanced methods of instruction, with coloured slides and tape-recorded voices, are used.

Silicon and germanium diodes act as a replacement for valves. Each diode consists of a whisker contact end (an extremely fine piece of wire) and a seal containing a mineral crystal in a solder preform to which a stainless steel weight is added. After they have been fused together, they are subjected to rigorous accuracy tests before being finally sealed in an outer package. In the early stages of the development of semi-conductors, in the 1950's, the mineral used was chiefly germanium. But silicon has become cheaper and is becoming more widespread: it has a high working temperature, an extremely low leakage current and a higher working voltage than germanium.

Silicon and germanium crystals are grown from seeds in special ovens. The crystals are so pure that an impurity is deliberately added so that the mineral will perform properly. During manufacture, it is sliced into wafers, lapped and formed into dies. Its basic width is measured to a tolerance of ·000005 of an inch. Then whiskers of wire are joined to the wafer of metal under powerful microscopes.

The manufacturing process requires great precision, careful control of temperature, and humidity and complete freedom from contamination by dust particles. For this reason the Glenrothes factory is windowless, to prevent direct sunlight from upsetting the temperature balance, and fully air-conditioned, air-locked and filtered to reduce the dust and particle levels to negligible proportions. Most of the diodes go into computors, data processing systems and automatic telephone exchanges.



A close-up of the revolving spinner heads on the sealing machine

The Tweezer Welder machine completes the whisker contact end of the diode

The whisker contact end is loaded on the automatic final sealer

The automatic first seal loading station of the final sealer

Measurements taken in the applications laboratory on typical germanium gold-bonded units. **Far right:** The plant at Glenrothes

# BRITISH-ITALIAN NUCLEAR ENTERPRISE

Fuel is due to be loaded next year into the 200-MW. nuclear power station under construction at Latina, about 40 miles south of Rome. The station is a joint Italian-British enterprise by The Nuclear Power Plant Co. Ltd. (a partner of The Nuclear Power Group) and A.G.I.P. Nucleare of Milan. Its reactor is of the graphite-moderated, gas-cooled type which forms the basis of the British nuclear power programme and is of British design. Approximately half of the station is being exported from the United Kingdom—including the reactor pressure vessel, graphite core, main turbines, controls and fuel. The single reactor is nearing completion. It has six boilers, three at each end. Below each boiler is a gas circulator used to circulate $CO_2$ gas between the reactor core and the boilers. Work is far advanced in the turbine house. It has three main 70-MW. turbo-alternators and two 11·5-MW. auxiliary turbo-alternators (used to supply electrical power for the station).

Three boilers, with their shielded gas inlet ducts, at the reactor building of the Latina nuclear power station, south of Rome

In the general view are, from left, the Goliath crane, the reactor building, the control block, the turbine house, and the switchyard

# GOOD LIVING

*By Ganymede*

Three interesting meals have come my way recently, within the space of a few days. Each of the three was unusual in a different way, and each showed what can be done with initiative and imagination. The first was an Auvergnat Dinner held at a British resort hotel, the Imperial, Torquay. On the face of it, this does not sound very unusual. Such regional meals are not unheard of in British hotels, and are sometimes given by gastronomic societies as the fancy moves them. What usually happens, I imagine, is that the chef and the manager thumb through their culinary reference-books, and present their own interpretation of the specialities of the gastronomic region in question. So we get dinners which are described " Bordelais," " Alsace," " Provencal," or what you will, and, at their best, will be reminiscent of the food you could get in those regions.

With typical enterprise and dash, the management of the Imperial did better than that. This Auvergnat Dinner was the real thing, having been cooked by the chef and brigade of a well-known restaurant at Le Mont Dore, the Hotel Bardet and Regina. It was the first of a series of " gastronomic weekends " to be held during this winter, and, it is hoped, during winters of the years to come. This was the menu: *Le Potage Bisque d'Ecrevisses, La Truite Farcie Reine Margot, Le Coq au Vin d'Auvergne, La Mousseline de Pommes Mont Dore, Les Fromages de Buron, La Tarte de Reinettes Feuilletée.* The wines were St. Pourcain-sur-Sioule 1959, Gevrey Chambertin Clos de la Justice 1953, Château Liot (Barsac) 1955. The red wines of Auvergne, such as the Chanturgue, which makes the Coq au Vin what it is, are only drunk locally, and the only wine which it was possible to include for local colour was the St. Pourcain white. This is really made in the Allier, near Vichy, but nevertheless is one of the most drunk whites in Auvergne. It is also shipped to this country by that specialist house of the lesser-known French wines, Asher Storey Ltd.

Mr. L. A. Fry of the Bournemouth Belle

In addition to this fine gala dinner, the visiting patron, M. Louis Virot, and his *Chef de Cuisine*, M. Paul Weiss, also provided some of their specialities at the other meals of the weekend. This pattern is to be followed during the successive weekends, for which other outstanding regional restaurants have promised to come. The next is a Provencal Weekend from January 26-29, 1962, when the well-known Vendôme restaurant of Aix-en-Provence is presenting the gala dinner and specialities during the weekend. Two more such events are planned for February and March respectively.

The second unusual meal was served at the annual banquet of the Réunion des Gastronomes, a society of professional restaurateurs, hoteliers and caterers, at which I was a guest. What made this meal unusual, and even outstanding, was the fact that it was served to some 250 people at the Trocadero, in London. Yet it did not suffer from any of the accepted and usual shortcomings one has come to associate with meals cooked for large numbers. M. Charles Jean Beaufort, the *chef cuisinier*, composed a delightfully interesting and original menu. Kitchens and service were so well organised that everything arrived at our tables in perfect condition, beautifully presented, and full of individual flavour. *Le Tourteau du Pardon*, the first course, was served in crab shells, brought on in lobster-pots, and had lobster, scampi, crab, apple, almonds dressed in a special cream sauce based on pickled herring. The soup, *La Crème de Topinambours Petit Philippe*, was a masterpiece of smoothness, and was followed by a hot *paté en croute*, *Le Paté de Ris d'Agneau Aixoise.* The main course was created for the occasion: *Le Suprême de Volaille Mijoté Abbaye.* The supremes, with their unusual stuffing simmered in a Bordelaise sauce, made a delicious dish. This was followed by a selection of French cheeses and a most amusing and clever pudding: *La Tête du Bonhomme*, where the excavated shells of oranges were the heads and were filled with a mousse which contained black cherries.

The third meal was unusual because I enjoyed it on a train. Mr. Sidney Rogers, head of Watches of Switzerland, who travels a great deal, shows his appreciation of good service by presenting a watch to people he meets in his travels from time to time. The recipients have included engine drivers, and the captain of a cross-Channel steamer. For the first time he has chosen a chef, Mr. L. A. Fry, Senior Chef of the Bournemouth Belle. On the way to the presentation at Bournemouth a special lunch was served on the train, for which Mr. Fry had been given a free hand by the Pullman Company. This is what he gave us: French Fried Scampi Maison, Roast Saddle of Lamb with Asparagus tips and various garnishes, *Savarin Equatoriale*, Ice-cream Gateau. Without a doubt, the best meal I have ever eaten while travelling at 80 m.p.h.

## INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

# GIFT SHARES

By " THE SPHERE " CITY CORRESPONDENT

Giving shares as Christmas presents is far more difficult than the more usual sort of gift. Shares do not conveniently disappear in the New Year. They survive, as reminders of the giver's good taste and judgment—or the reverse.

But for anyone who feels confident of his investment judgment a Christmas present in ordinary shares could bring the recipient more lasting satisfaction than many other types of gift. For people who like exercising their imagination over Christmas giving, a share portfolio could provide a useful mental puzzle along with other seasonal quizzes.

Most shareholders will think of their wives first when compiling a list of gifts. A wife's gift must meet certain requirements. The shares must be in companies she knows, and though they need not produce a large income they must show good above-average growth over the years. Out of, say, three shares, two should be shopping shares. Marks and Spencer are a classic choice, however many people might prefer Boots, whose business now closely resembles a multiple store—or Woolworth, whose shares are regaining the investment status they seemed to be losing a few years ago.

Apart from these various shop-owning companies, Unilever is the housewife's " blue chip," since it sells frozen foods, toilet goods and has large retail interests. Shares given to one's wife could also include food and dress equities. In the dress group, a good deal of City interest has focused on Selincourt, which has been growing rapidly by take-overs during recent years. In food, the outstanding choice is one of the supermarket shares, Tesco or London Grocers, with International Tea as an alternative where current income is rather more important.

Having decided on a present for one's wife, a share giver's next problem would certainly be something for an elderly relative. Every family has its elderly uncle, a source of worldly wisdom, or an aunt, who is so good with the children. Here, the need is for secure income rather than growth. These shares should be as safe as possible, to avoid any risk of dividend reductions. Some people might prefer to give fixed-interest stocks, but any elderly relative who lived through further years of inflation would certainly be better off with safe, high-yielding ordinary shares. One choice is a motor company, with British Motor Corporation outstanding, or one of the higher-yielding garage firms. Henlys or the Braid Group, for instance, can both be bought to yield well over 6 per cent.

One other high-yielding group, which should be well known to the most unworldly of elderly relations, are oil shares. Shell Transport or Burmah Oil are two attractive choices—British Petroleum has a comparatively large part of its productive assets invested in the Middle East. A third choice, which could support B.M.C. and Shell, could come from steel industry or one of the many medium-sized engineering concerns such as Sheepbridge or Beyer Peacock.

Anyone's most puzzling gift problem is always himself, and this is truer of share presents more than any other. Taking three shares as the appropriate number, a sound gift to oneself could be two outstanding growth shares plus one stock that is completely out of fashion.

Outstanding growth shares in Britain clearly include Glaxo and Jaguar. Looking overseas—in treating himself, an investor can afford an exotic flavour—shares worth considering are Banque de Paris, France's leading " banque d'affaires," Bayer, the German chemical company and the American growth classic, International Business Machines. An unfashionable gift to oneself could be one of the Rhodesian copper groups, say Nchanga, with one of the better-known Canadian bank equities.

This collection of share gifts should satisfy the needs of most families, and of most investors. But every family man knows of the younger, rather distant relative for whom something exciting must be bought. His wife's young cousin, perhaps in his early twenties, asks for a share which will double his money in a few years—or the reverse.

What he wants is a speculative stock, in the literal and non-pejorative sense of the word. These include recovery stocks—shares in companies that have recently passed through difficulties and are making efforts to restore dividends and profits. Shares you might give him include Fairey, the engineering group, Dollar Land, the North American property concern or thirdly Rolls Razor, the washing machine group, whose shares are not yet officially quoted but which can be bought through City dealers.

Like certain other Christmas presents, all these shares should be kept well away from other members of the family.

MOTORING

# PREPARING FOR THE MONTE

*Britain dominates the entry; car laundries; last-minute gifts for motorists*

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

British cars and drivers again dominate the entry list for the 1962 Monte Carlo Rally, which starts in a month's time on Saturday, January 20. There are six starting points: Glasgow, Paris, Oslo, Monte Carlo, Athens and Warsaw. The 100 places allocated to Britain have again been filled without difficulty and most of the British entrants have chosen Glasgow as their "springboard." Sixty-eight rally cars are scheduled to start from the Scottish city and this time they have been given a route which by-passes London and goes through Banbury and East Grinstead.

Somehow or other, in spite of frequent squabbles among the competitors after the results have been announced in Monaco, the "Monte" contrives to retain its glamour and popularity. And although it does less to "improve the breed" than the more gruelling events—the Alpine and Safari rallies, for example—car manufacturers in Britain, France and Germany find that success in the Monte. even a class win, has great publicity value.

This winter motoring marathon has in consequence become highly commercialised. Teams of factory-owned or factory-sponsored cars are prepared at great expense and the route is meticulously reconnoitred beforehand. The private entrant has little chance of winning but the thought that he is battling against professional teams led by some of the country's finest drivers more than compensates for this.

When I took my car to be washed the other day they would not let me get out. "Sit tight," they said. "There 's no time to get out." It was a strange experience to sit in the car while it was showered by a mixture of soft water and detergent, shampooed by nylon brushes, rinsed with more water and then dried with hot air from electric blowers capable of producing a 200-m.p.h. wind.

These air jets, I was told, blew off 90 per cent. of the wet, making it a simple job for a section of the car-wash team of half a dozen automobile launderers to rub the car over with chamois leathers.

The whole process took just five minutes, which is as it should be, for I was trying out the thirtieth branch of the Five Minute Car Wash Service Ltd., at the Playlands car park, opposite London's White City. Over a drink in the White City restaurant later, Mr. Noel Evison, who started the undertaking five years ago in a cottage at Hanley, Staffordshire, on a capital of £100, told me that since he linked up with Mr. Julian Hodge, the Cardiff millionaire, plans had been made for twenty more Five Minute laundry centres in the London area by next spring and another forty in the provinces.

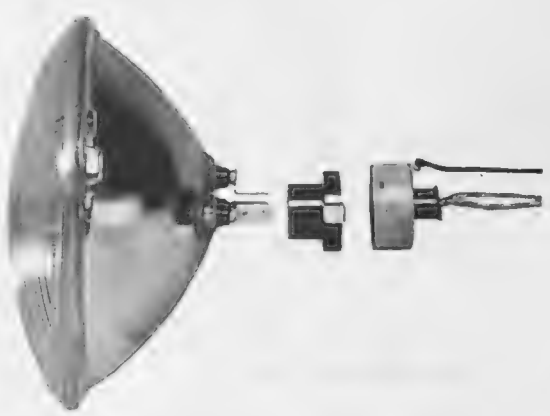
That will mean a total of ninety centres where motorists will be able to get their cars washed in five minutes, without advance bookings for 7s. 6d. or 5s., if they buy a book of four vouchers. For 100 vouchers the cost works out at only 3s. a wash and for £10 a year you can join the Clean Car Club and have your car laundered whenever you like and where you like.

There is no connection between Mr. Evison's enterprise and Auto-Magic Five Minute Car Wash Ltd., which now has two establishments: in Brompton Road, S.W.3, and at the new Multi-Dek six-storey car park recently opened in Leicester, at what has been described as Britain's first drive-in shopping centre. The ground floor houses Britain's biggest supermarket, a restaurant, a hairdressing salon, an Auto-Magic car washing service, a petrol filling station (operated by Total) and other facilities.

The idea is that when you want to go shopping, have a meal or get your hair done, you drive up the gentle ramp of this cleverly-designed car park and leave your car in the first available space. On entering the building you are stopped by a barrier which lifts automatically after you have collected a ticket from a robot dispenser without leaving the car.

When you return later to collect your car you are stopped by another barrier on the way out. This one is manned by a human attendant who inspects your ticket to see how long the car has been parked and, if you have been shopping in the supermarket, makes allowance for the rebate offered to its customers. Parking charges are reasonable: 1s. for two hours and 6d. for each subsequent hour, with a maximum of 3s. for a whole day. There is room for 1,050 cars. It costs 12s. 6d. for an Auto-Magic car wash (with free coffee while you wait outside the car) and there is a special "Christmas present" offer of books of two, six or twelve vouchers for 25s., £3 7s. 6d. and £6 respectively. You can use these coupons at either the Leicester or London Auto-Magic car laundries.

The Manordale Mini door handle



The Osram sealed beam headlamp with adaptor

The Steadfast tool kit for motorists

It might be a good idea to make a few other suggestions for last-minute Christmas presents or New Year gifts. For low-mileage motorists whose car batteries are no longer young, Withnell Ltd., of Ashford, Middlesex, offer a home charger—the "Puffin"—which is so compact that it can, if desired, be fixed permanently to the car near the battery case. It yields 1½ amps. (D.C.) and is suitable for use with A.C. mains of 200 to 250 volts. It is claimed to be immune to damage by fire, damp, shock and vibration. Price: £2 19s. 6d.

Why not give some relative or friend the benefit of the modern sealed beam headlamps? They offer optical accuracy, long life, greater range, more light on corners and freedom from dazzle. Osram now offer a Lucas-approved replacement for ordinary headlamps costing 29s. 6d. each plus 3s. 3d. for an adaptor—an Osram "exclusive"—which makes the conversion a simple, do-it-yourself operation with no need to re-wire or cut leads. They are suitable for any popular car using standard Lucas 700 headlights.

Have you a pal who is diffident about taking the test of the Institute of Advanced Motorists? What about sending him a gift token available from the Institute for £3 3s.? It covers the cost of the test and a year's subscription to the Institute (£1 1s.) which is refunded if the candidate fails. Details from the I.A.M. headquarters, Empire House, Chiswick, W.4.

A well-stocked first-aid kit for the car, caravan or garage is offered by Bio-Clinical Products, Bishopsgate, E.C.2, for 15s. One way of avoiding the need for bandages and plaster is to use good tools, like those provided in the latest edition of the "Steadfast" kit for motorists. In a neat plastic wallet with press-button fastener are screwdrivers, pliers, padsaw, circuit tester, tyre pressure gauge and other items. Price 37s. 6d.

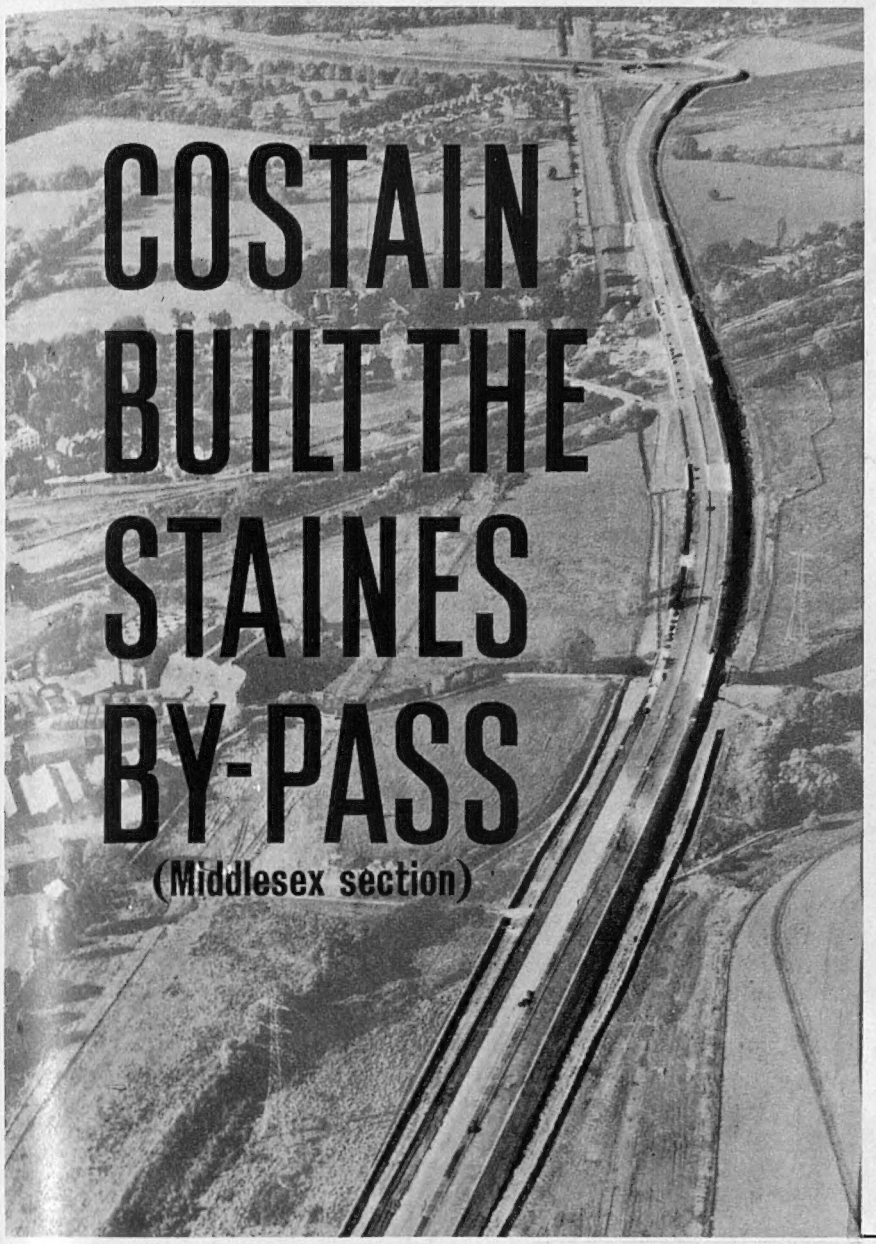
It is easy to run out of sixpences for parking meters, telephone boxes, ordinary car parks, tips and in other situations calling for small change. That is why I am using one of the new "Handy Tanner" coin dispensers available at Gamages, Harrods and other stores for 10s. It consists of a neat little coloured cylinder with enough room for ten sixpences which are held in place by spring pressure whether it contains one or ten. You attach your ignition key to one end of the container by means of two little screws provided with it.

Owners of B.M.C. Minis might like to replace their strap-type interior door handles with a good-looking tubular lever tipped with a plastic ferrule and painted to match the exact colour of the car for which it is bought. Manordale Engineering, Sale, Cheshire, sell them for 17s. 6d. a pair (plus 1s. 6d. for packing and postage).

Briefly. . . .

Best wishes to Tony Brooks, who has decided to retire from motor racing. He was always a good advertisement for Britain on and off the track. . . . Prices of most Ford models have gone up a few pounds and Vauxhall have put up by £9 the basic cost of their "special" Victor (the VX 4/90), which now has a brake booster, a higher rear axle ratio and a total price of £984. . . .

Mr. C. A. Griffin has been appointed chief engineer on the car side of B.M.C., which now has Mr. Alec Issigonis as technical director. . . . Full marks to the R.A.C. for urging motorists to use dipped headlamps in fog by day or night and to switch on side and rear lamps whenever the weather makes them necessary (instead of waiting for the official lighting-up time).



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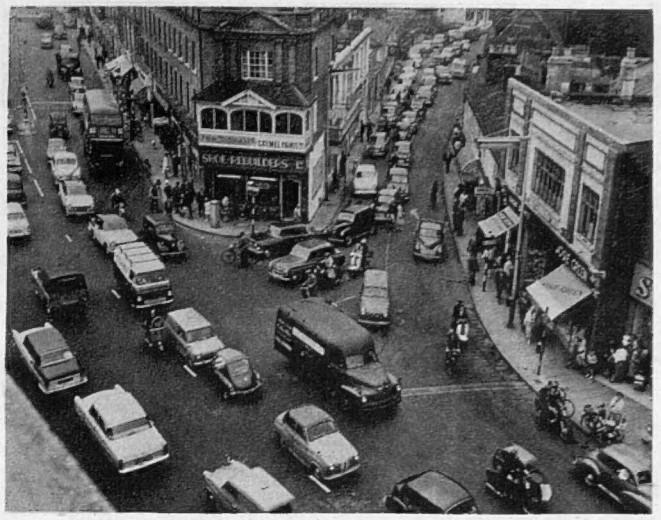

This project, which included work additional to the original contract, was completed *on time*. It was designed by Middlesex County Council (County Engineer, H. S. Andrew, M.I.C.E.) as agents for the Minister of Transport.

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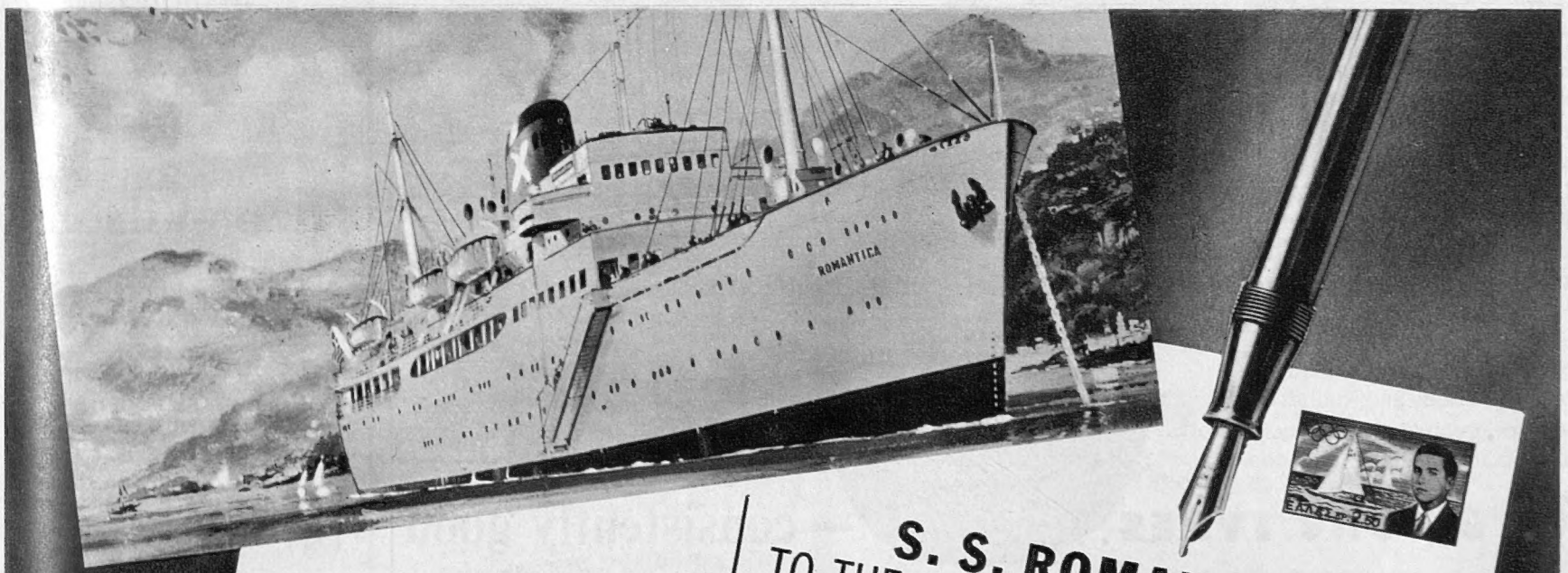


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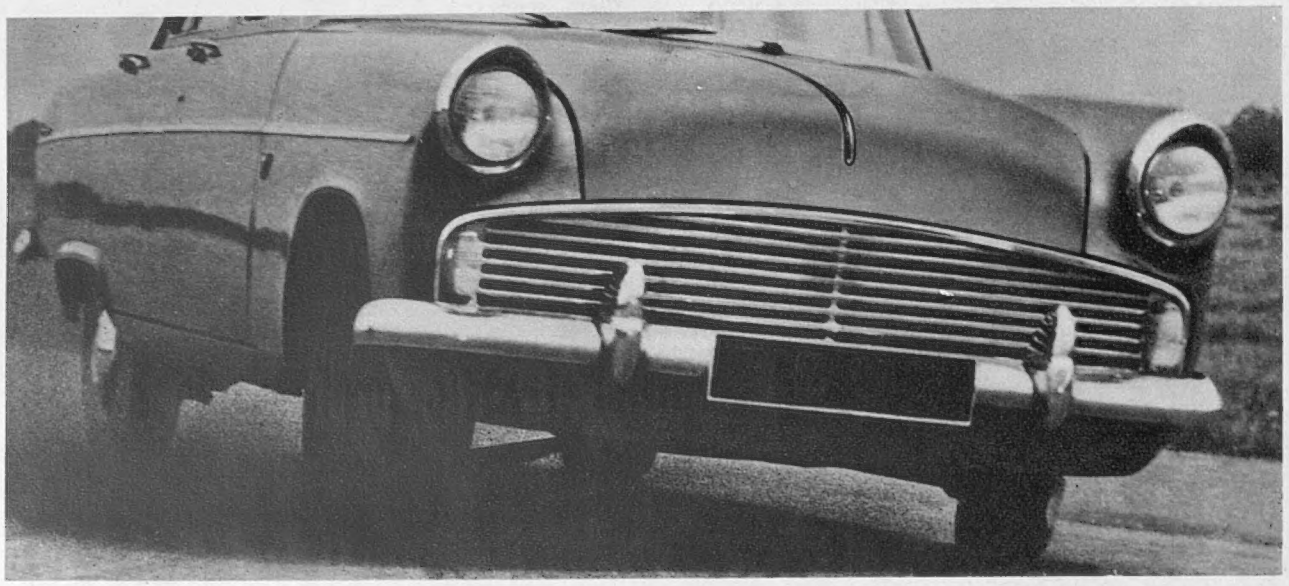

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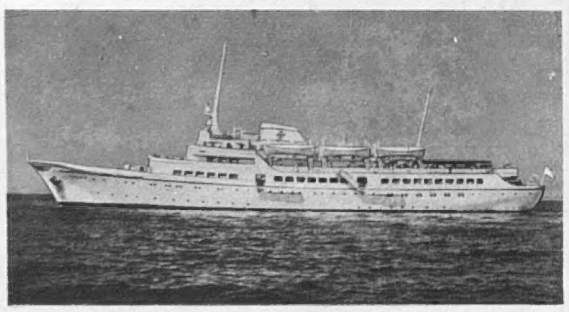

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